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Saturday Review

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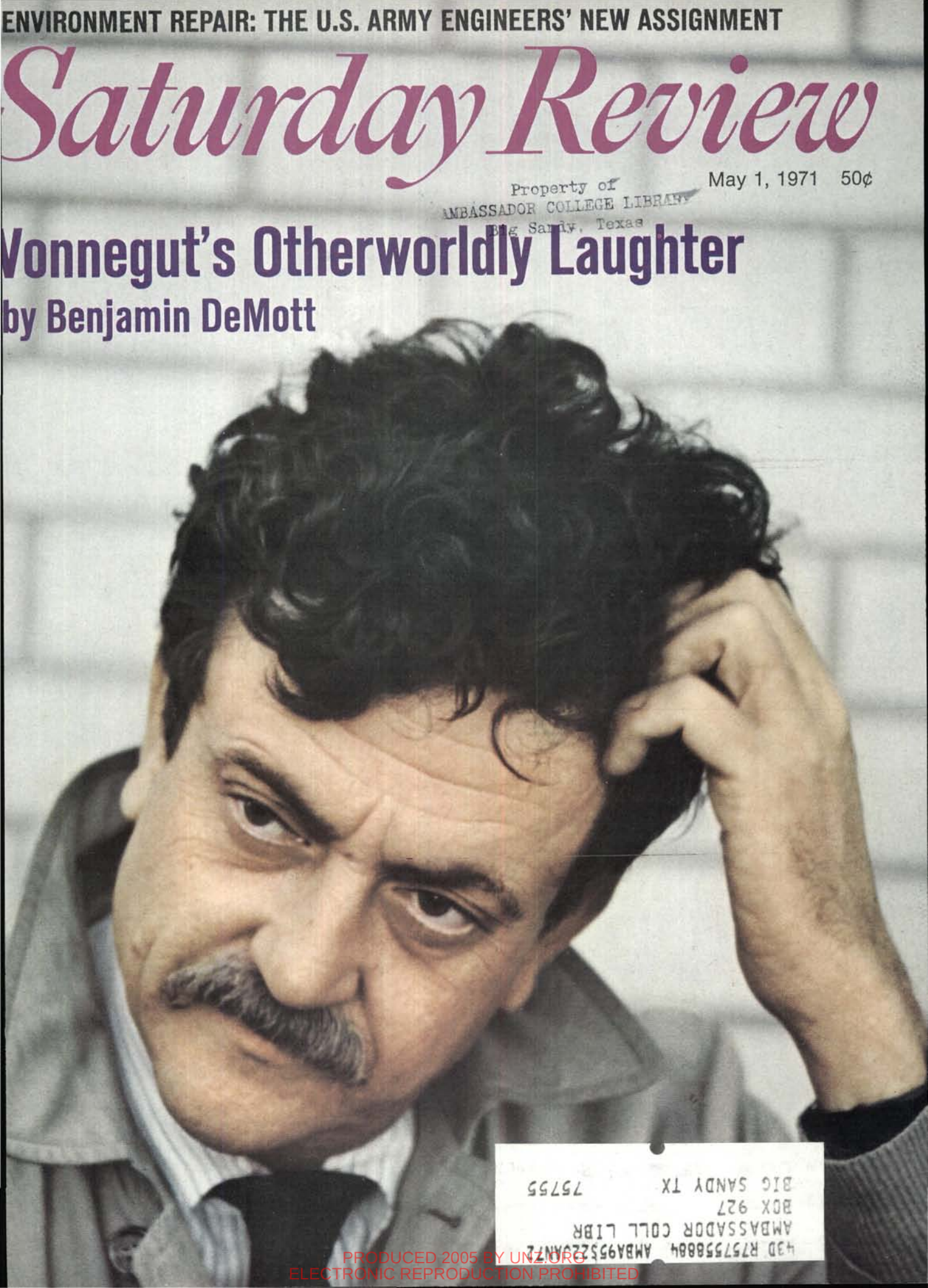
by Benjamin DeMott



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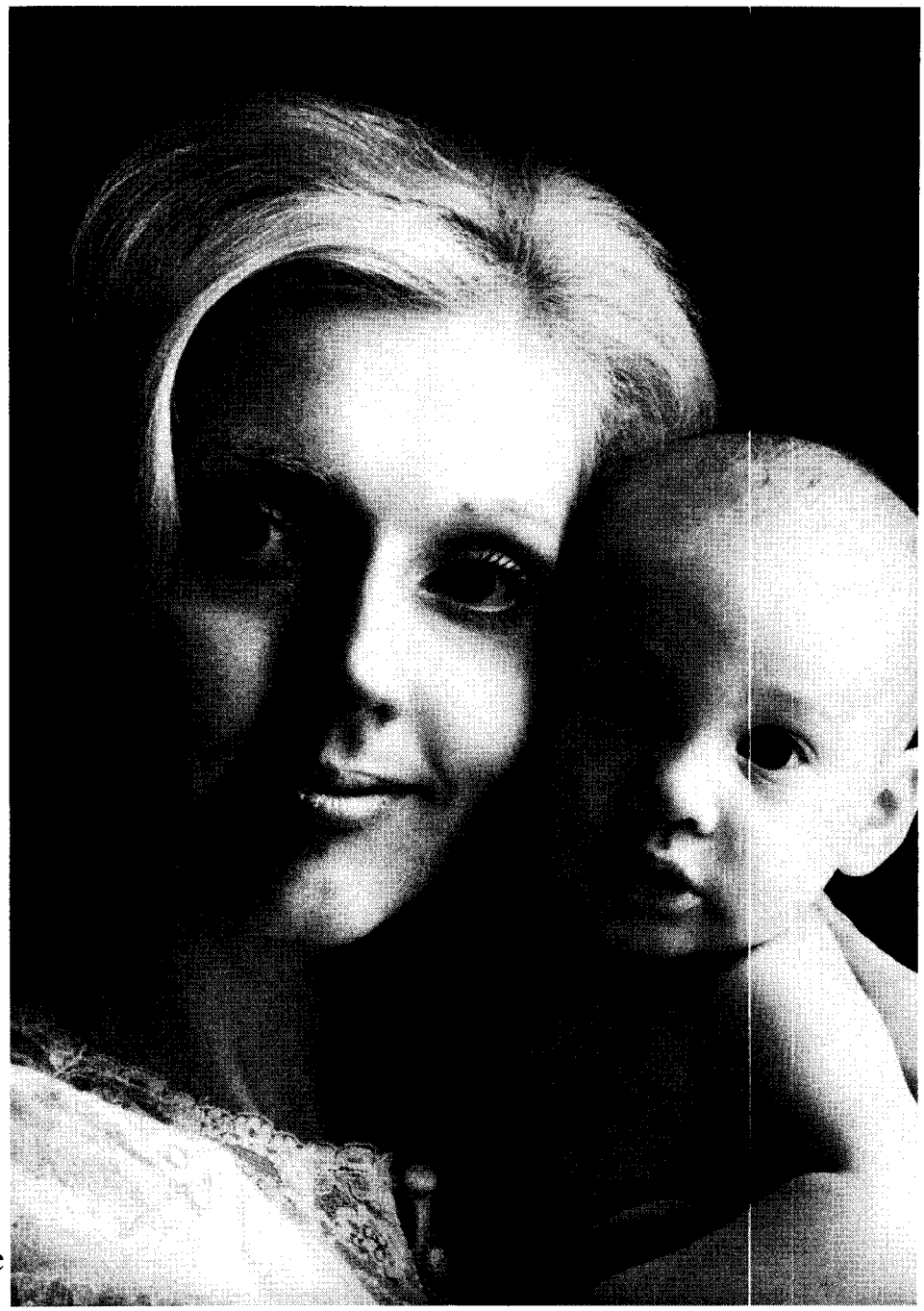

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by Benjamin DeMott

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L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

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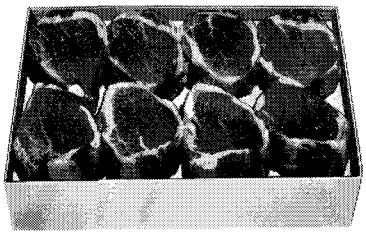

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Cases of Conscience

A MORAL ALPHABET: Individual A is found guilty of having massacred individuals B-through-W, twenty-two in all, including men, women, children, and babes in arms. The original charges against A cited 102 counts of murder. The jury was eager to disbelieve the charges. "I am assured," said one juror, "that every member of the jury was hoping against hope that we could find something somehow that would allow us to find [A] innocent." It was in that frame of mind that the jury sifted the original charges down to twenty-two counts of murder on which the evidence permitted no doubt.

Having found A guilty on those twenty-two counts, the jury was then required to sentence him, as directed by law, to either death or life imprisonment. After further lengthy deliberation the jury decided on life imprisonment. That sentence goes automatically to a board of review that can reduce but not increase it. Even if the board of review does not reduce the sentence, A will be eligible for parole in ten years. The jury had, in effect, sentenced A to a bit less than six months on each proven count of murder.

Such are the facts. The reaction to them by a 200-million-character alphabet known as the U.S.A. still fills the public press.

The President of the United States released A from prison pending an appeal and announced that he would himself decide the final sentence after the various appeals had run their course.

The Vice President, recoining a phrase, scoffed at the verdict as a case of "oversimplified extremism."

Senator Herman E. Talmadge of Georgia, who described himself, a bit curiously, as "a former combat veteran," found himself "saddened to think that one could fight for his country and then be convicted for apparently carrying out his orders." [Moral question a): Is combat service grounds for dismissing murder charges?]

Veterans organizations (and others) have launched various drives to gather petitions for clemency, to raise funds for A's appeals, to demonstrate in the streets, and to protest injustice by urging veterans to return their combat decorations to the White House.

State legislatures have passed resolutions condemning the verdict.

One state Governor directed that flags be flown at half-mast.

Various veterans have come forward to announce that their wartime actions made them as guilty as A and that they, too, should be tried. One retired general declared that he had once given a "no prisoners" order (meaning "shoot them if they surrender"). [Moral question b): Is the refusal to take prisoners in a combat situation in which no men can be spared to guard them analogous to the act of herding civilians into a ditch and there gunning them down?] Air Force veterans have cited the fact that they bombed civilian population. [Moral question c): In an age in which wars are won and lost on the production line, is a civilian who manufactures a shell less an enemy than the soldier who fires it? d): If non-producing civilians are killed by the bombs aimed at disrupting war production, whose responsibility is it for not having evacuated them to safer areas? e): Is such bombing, in any case, analogous to the act of rounding up and shooting presumably allied civilians? f): It is possible that B-through-W were being forced to shelter the enemy at night, as they were forced to submit to our forces by day, but in that case what is their guilt, and who is authorized to decide it and to kill them for it?] A former special forces officer came forward to confess that he had, on CIA orders, murdered something called "a triple agent." [Moral question g): Can any governmental organization be so far above legal scrutiny that it can order a man's death without trial and shut off inquiry in the name of national security? Particularly when the circumstances make it readily possible to hold the suspected agent incommunicado until such time as he can pose no threat?]

All such claims of equal guilt are, of course, protestations of innocence. "We did what A did," these claimants declare, "and since we have not been found guilty, A cannot be found guilty."

In all this clamor, moreover, B-through-W (plus eighty other corpses not reducible to the alphabet of legal certainty) seem to have disappeared from the public discussion in which there remains only A as the victim of some monstrous injustice, X.

X, the moralist-observer is forced to conclude, is not in the evidence, which leaves no question of A's guilt. He has

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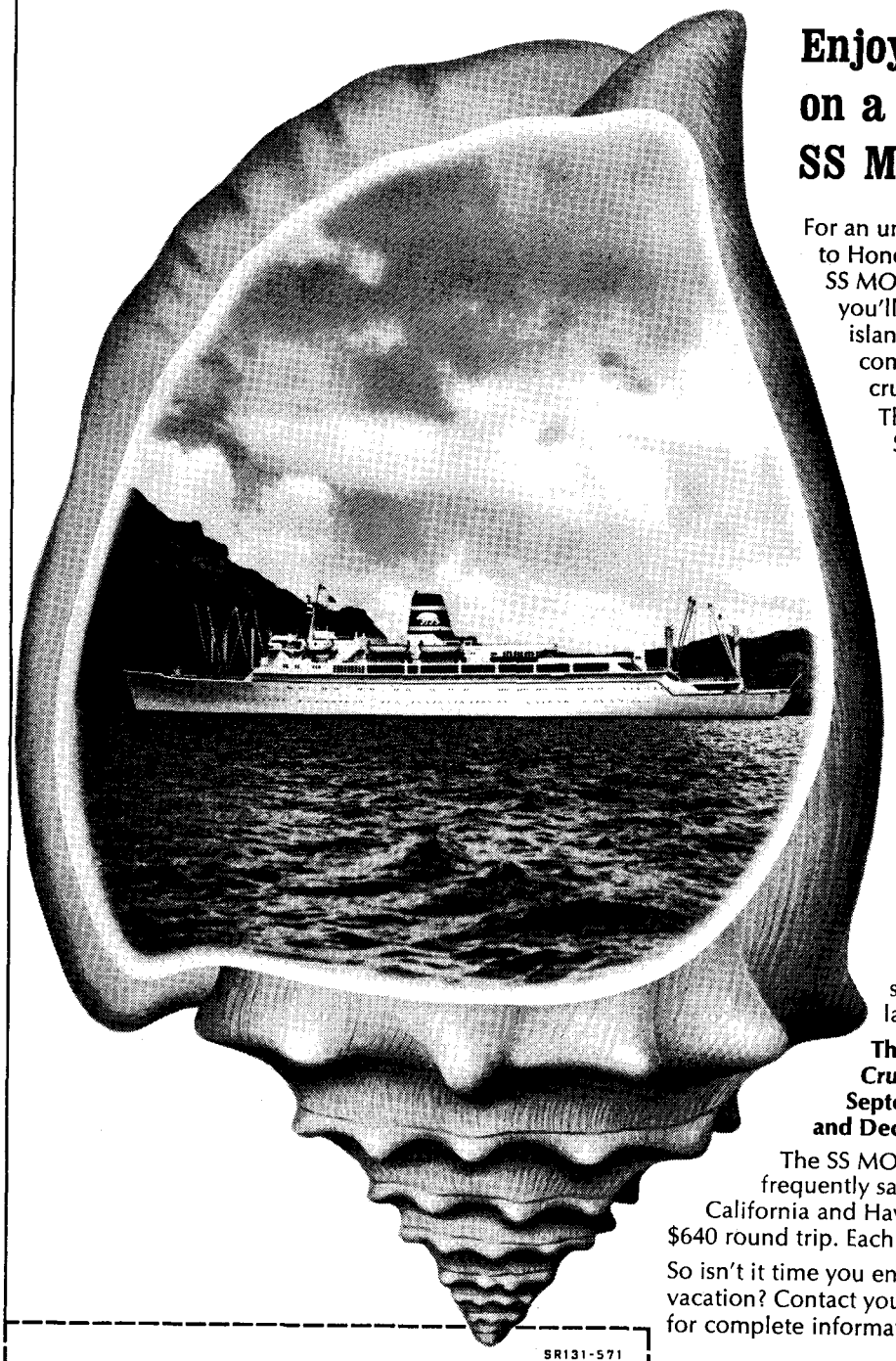

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been found, beyond a reasonable doubt, to be a mass murderer, and in the light of such a finding he has been dealt with leniently. How then could millions of Americans, including holders of our highest elective offices, be moved to rage against the wrong done to A? What X in the national character is the source of that rage?

The moralist-observer does not have all the answers to this last question. He thinks of Nuremberg first. The United States formalized a moral and legal position there in dealing with the Nazi genocides, and it insisted that its position asserted principles necessary to civilization. Since the Nazis were foreigners and recent enemies, we were content to be civilized while they were hanged. When, however, one of our own brave boys acts the role of the genocide, our deep-seated xenophobia rises between us and our declared moral principles. From the President on down, the clamorous seem to be saying that A did not murder people but only a ditchful of gooks. Why raise complicated and disturbing questions about a bunch of gooks, slopes, slants, fuzzies, and suchlike monkeys?

Except that the questions will not be put down. We are nationally committed to winning the friendship of exactly those underdeveloped nations whose people we still think of as gooks in the reflexes of our xenophobia. Can it fail to occur, even to the clamorous, that in brushing aside gook corpses as an irrelevancy we have demonstrated to the late-colonial peoples that they can never trust an American to think of them as human beings?

X, it begins to appear, is not only rage but self-rage. It is the rage of a people caught in complexities they can neither face nor evade. The ship's captain who was a deacon at home and a devil among far natives is a figure from our history. So is the brave boy Marine at his tricks among the banana republics. In the past we have conspired to sweep such figures under the carpet. Now one such figure has emerged to confront us, and it will not be swept under. A's obvious guilt summons us to a confrontation that would require us to confess our hypocrisy, but the clamorous lack the moral resources for such a confrontation.

It is in this moral squeeze that we must look for X. X is the self-anger of a people that has failed its own declaration of faith. It is the blind anger with which we reject the agony of a self-appraisal we do not dare because we have substituted self-inflating slogans for morals, and because we have not been able to find leaders capable of summoning the national conscience to its own best possibilities.

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

I Found a Five-and-Ten-Cent Movie in a Million-Dollar TV Set

WELL, OUR NEW TV set didn't actually cost a million dollars. But the price was in the upper three figures. And the vintage film was not really a five-and-ten-cent movie. The admission (1945) was 50 cents if you came before 1 p.m.

Our old set, having for so many years inhaled all those cigarette commercials, finally gave up the ghost. We had seen it coming. The color began to fade from its cheeks, its throat grew raspy, and the vertical lines on its face deepened.

It was so old that when we turned it on during the last year or so, it showed Eddie Cantor, Roberta Quinlan, and some woman named Uncle Miltie. See? When you're old, you forget.

So we looked forward to our first evening with the new set, installed complete with cable. But as clear and bright and cheery as its colors were, just so bleak were the programs scheduled that night. A choice of eight reruns and three old movies. The next night was more promising.

It was March 22. I remember the date, because at 9 o'clock our President was going to be interviewed by Howard K. Smith in an hour-long interview on the ABC network. My only regret was I had to give up the Doris Day program on CBS at 9:30. But you can see Doris Day every week, so, as concerned citizens, we watched the President.

Well, you can imagine my dismay when the next day the rating figures were published in the papers. President Nixon had been tuned in on ABC by five million homes. Doris Day was watched in 14 million homes.

Well, it didn't take very long for Herbert Klein, the President's Communications Director, to get the message. So, on April 7 the President interdicted all three networks and all the independent channels. For twenty minutes, nobody else came down the TV trail. No matter which way you turned and twisted, there was Mr. Nixon. The rating was astronomical, as it should be for a President.

However, it's not always feasible to get all the networks and independent stations to interrupt their commercials every time the President wants to talk. But one phone call from Mr. Agnew will straighten them out. He has a loving and compulsive rapport with the medium.

I've been reading that Mr. Klein has the President scheduled to do more one-network programs. I can be of help here. As a man who has written for, and booked, guest stars on hour-long TV shows for some twenty years, I have an educated opinion on the subject of ratings.

When you're competing with other network shows in the same time slot, the cardinal rule is to book glamorous guest stars. Celebrities whose drawing power will add points to the rating. Even the great Bob Hope wouldn't dare appear for an hour without an Elke Sommer or an Ann-Margret.

Even the most fervent Nixonite will admit that the Vietnam figures Mr. Nixon draws on that chart for his broadcasts are no match for the draw of the figure of Doris Day. And Howard K. Smith himself will agree he is no Joey Heatherton.

Suggestion to Mr. Klein:

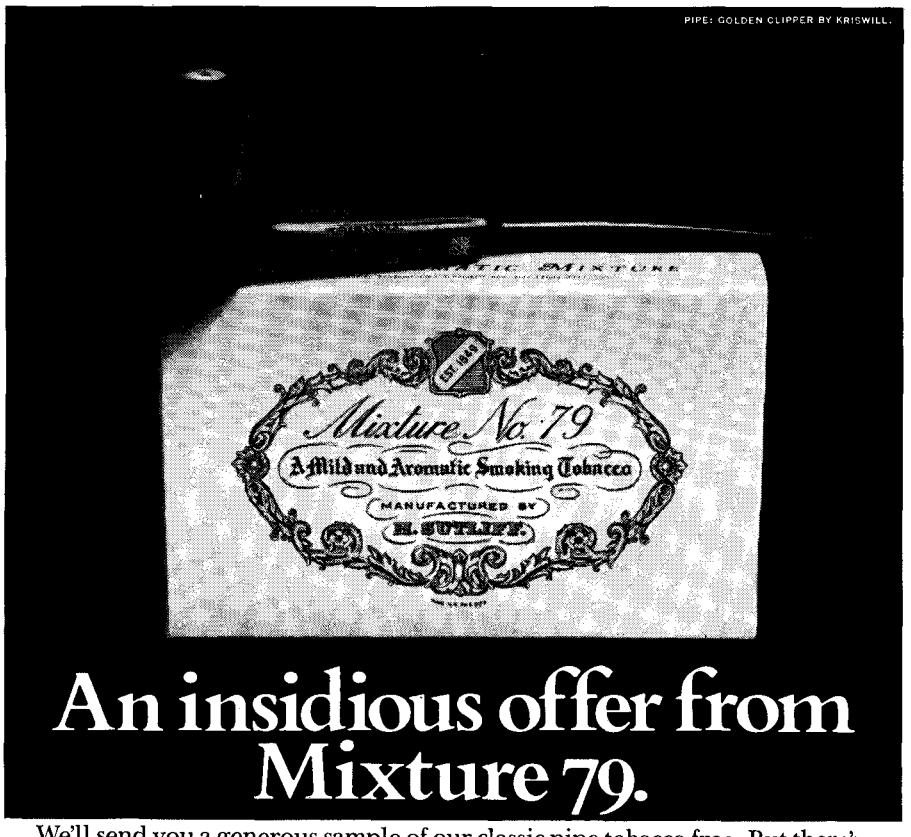
Hey, man, you're nowhere in the ratings with only one line in the TV listings, reading: PRESIDENT NIXON. Especially if the channels opposite your hour list the Carol Burnett show with Lucille Ball, guest star, or the Lucille Ball show with guest star Carol Burnett, or the Doris Day show with guest star Perry Como, or the Perry Como show with guest star Doris Day, or the Bob Hope show with guest stars Carol Burnett, Lucille Ball, Perry Como, and Doris Day.

I also suggest that a lot depends on the opening announcement. Your "Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States" lacks the excitement needed to cajole the viewer into staying tuned. At least it should include, ". . . a man who needs no introduction," or at the *very* least in the David Frost manner:

"Welcome to the festivities. Tonight we have the President of the United States, and to add to the festivities we also have guest star Raquel Welch, and we have guest star Flip Wilson."

Between them, those two guests will add at least thirty million homes to your rating. Miss Welch can appear sitting at the right of the President with her legs crossed, pretending to take notes. Mr. Wilson can be seated on the left with legs crossed, pretending to be Geraldine.

Those two stars are usually hard to get. But one phone call from you-know-who will do it. And that will make our No. 1 citizen No. 1 in the ratings.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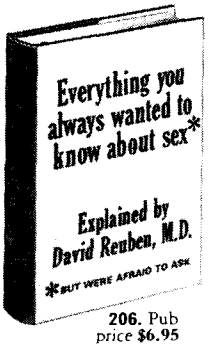

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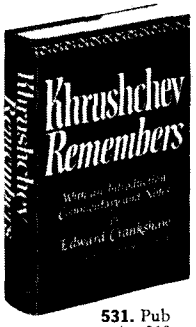

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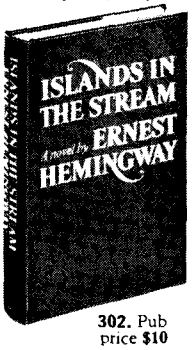

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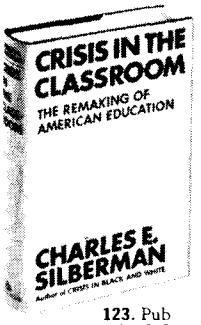

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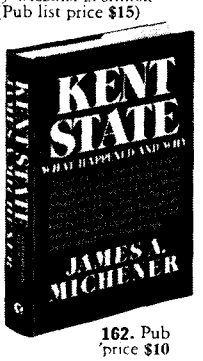

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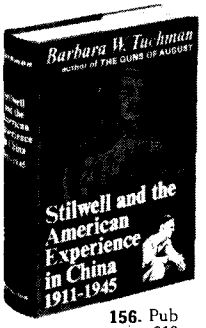

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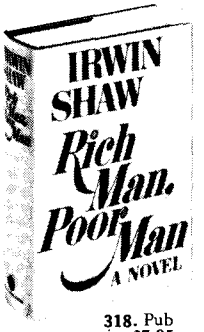

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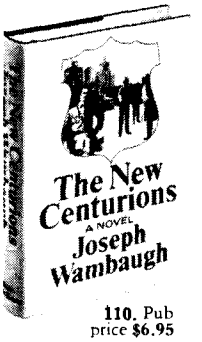

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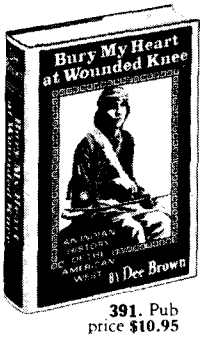

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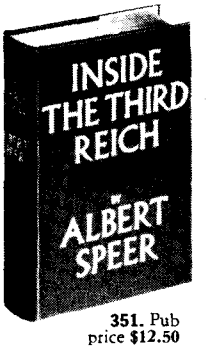

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Our Business Thank You of the Week comes from the ALA Mailbag of *The Automobilist*—via J. George Birkett of Nobleboro, Maine:

> Dear Sirs:
> We would like you to know that our honeymoon trip was a very happy one. And we thank you for helping to make it so. The material provided for us proved very useful, especially the maps and pamphlets.
> Yours very truly,
> E. & J. C.,
> Somerville, Mass.

Obviously, everything they'd always wanted to know.

Our What's in a Name Department item was found in the Chicago *Sun-Times* "Engagements" column—and by no less an authority than Thomas Ford Hoult, professor of sociology at Arizona State University:

> BUGGER-PISH—Betty Bugger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Bugger of Trenton, Ill., to Anthony Pish, son of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Pish.

Professor Hoult quotes the comment of a friend of his. "Can't you just see her thinking that at least when she got married, she'd be able to change her name—and now this."

Finally, an obituary—one sent by Yvonne Fogel of Chevy Chase, Maryland, from the Cornell *Alumni News*:

> *Correction*: The November 1970 News reported the death of N. Kim Hooper, '61. The News has now learned that Mr. Hooper reported his own death in order to stop the flow of alumni mail. He is, in fact, alive and well and in Berkeley, Calif.

We'll be looking for you, Kim boy, at the 25th.

We set up a different kind of interview for you this week—really a between-view—with, first, a publisher who's on record that nowadays authors must promote their own books, and second, that publisher's own author, who's the country's No. 1 literary recluse.

The publisher is Sol Stein, of Stein & Day—a man who wrote in *Writer's Yearbook* that "the most marked change for authors in the last decade is their increasingly active involvement in the promotion of their own books."

The author is Oliver Lange, a six-foot-four-inch fellow whose novel *Vandenberg* has just made the best-seller list, despite the fact that, up to the time we met him, he had done virtually no promoting of his book and had, in fact, been living in New Mexico with no running water, no electricity, and six miles from the nearest phone.

We met with Messrs. Stein and Lange at the Russian Tea Room, which, since *Vandenberg* concerns the take-over of the United States by the Soviets, served to heighten the irony.

"I'm old-fashioned enough to believe," Mr. Lange said, "that a book should be sold on its merit and not on the author's personality. I wrote it and it's his [Mr. Stein's] job to sell it. Why should I help him?"

"Wrong," said Mr. Stein. "As I wrote in the *Yearbook* article, the old saw that if you build a better mousetrap the world will beat a path to your door does not apply to the publishing of books. Promoting books is a two-way responsibility. The author cannot just write his book and walk away from it and expect it to be a big success in today's market place."

"But," protested Mr. Lange, "authors are bad on television. Take me. I'm different from you, Sol. You're a show business personality."

"Is that what I am?" Mr. Stein replied. "The trouble is Geis and Lyle Stuart have given the impression that only lousy books can be promoted. That isn't true. And you don't have to be a show business personality. All you have to do is to want to sell your book."

Mr. Lange turned to us. "I wrote him after that *Yearbook* article," he said. "I wrote, 'Dear Sol, What a marvelously intriguing lump of birdsong you wrote.' I also wrote him, 'I'm glad to hear you're making a little money on your writing. Keep up the good work.' "

"Well," retorted Mr. Stein again, "you're here, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Mr. Lange, "and I was also here the other night when I waited two-and-a-half hours to go on the David Frost show for a lousy seven minutes.

"I can sit on a hilltop," Mr. Lange went on, "and I have a hilltop, and I can peck away on a typewriter for twenty years, yet I can't appear on television for a lousy seven minutes. I use writing as a form of communication, but I would like to maintain my own privacy."

Mr. Lange, we learned, is, among other things, not Mr. Lange. A few years ago in what he describes as his "early middle forties," he started out all over again with a different name. We asked him first about his early life. "I was born in New York," he said. "My father drove a beer truck. I worked and bummed around and did all the usual poverty-ridden inventory of occupations all writers get ridden with. Then, twelve or thirteen years ago, I cut out. I knew I had to get someplace beyond the west boundary of Texas. Anywhere between Bucks County and West Texas was unendurable."

Hey, we protested, we've got a subscriber there. He ignored us. "I had picked out a route," he said, "and I stuck to it. When I hit Santa Fe, though, I went through a divorce and quite a lot of things. Later on, I got married again. Then, in New Mexico, in a place where there are six families living within a radius of twenty miles, I showed my wife a hill. 'We're going to build here,' I told her. What she didn't realize was that I meant we, literally, were going to do the building.

"I have three children now," he said, "in my new family. I can live better on three thousand dollars out there than I could on twenty thousand here in New York. Books and records come about a year late. But it's a good thing—it gives them sort of a cooling-off period. The same is true with a lot of other things. About next summer, I predict, a couple of dames, very timidly, will venture out in hot pants."

Aside from cooling off hot pants, we wanted to know, what other advantages were there? "When I step outside," he said, "I can see the Milky Way. I can have that total dead silence. And I have a family of my very own coyotes, who know that they're not going to be poisoned out and that they can sing, if they want to, all night long."

Were there, we pursued, any disadvantages? "Yes," he said. "Periodically my wife starts to climb the walls and say, 'What the hell am I doing out here?' I tell her," Mr. Lange concluded, "at least we're not living in New York—in a moribund megalopolis with a paranoid system in which millions of people live in hostility, injustice and insanity."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1933)

(PHILIP) WYLIE:

SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF MOM

Once, there were just children who became minors before they were adult. Now, American kids are toddlers, pre-schoolers, pre-teens and teen-agers. Small wonder that, at twenty-one, their exploited lives lead them to invent one more kind of people, people under thirty.

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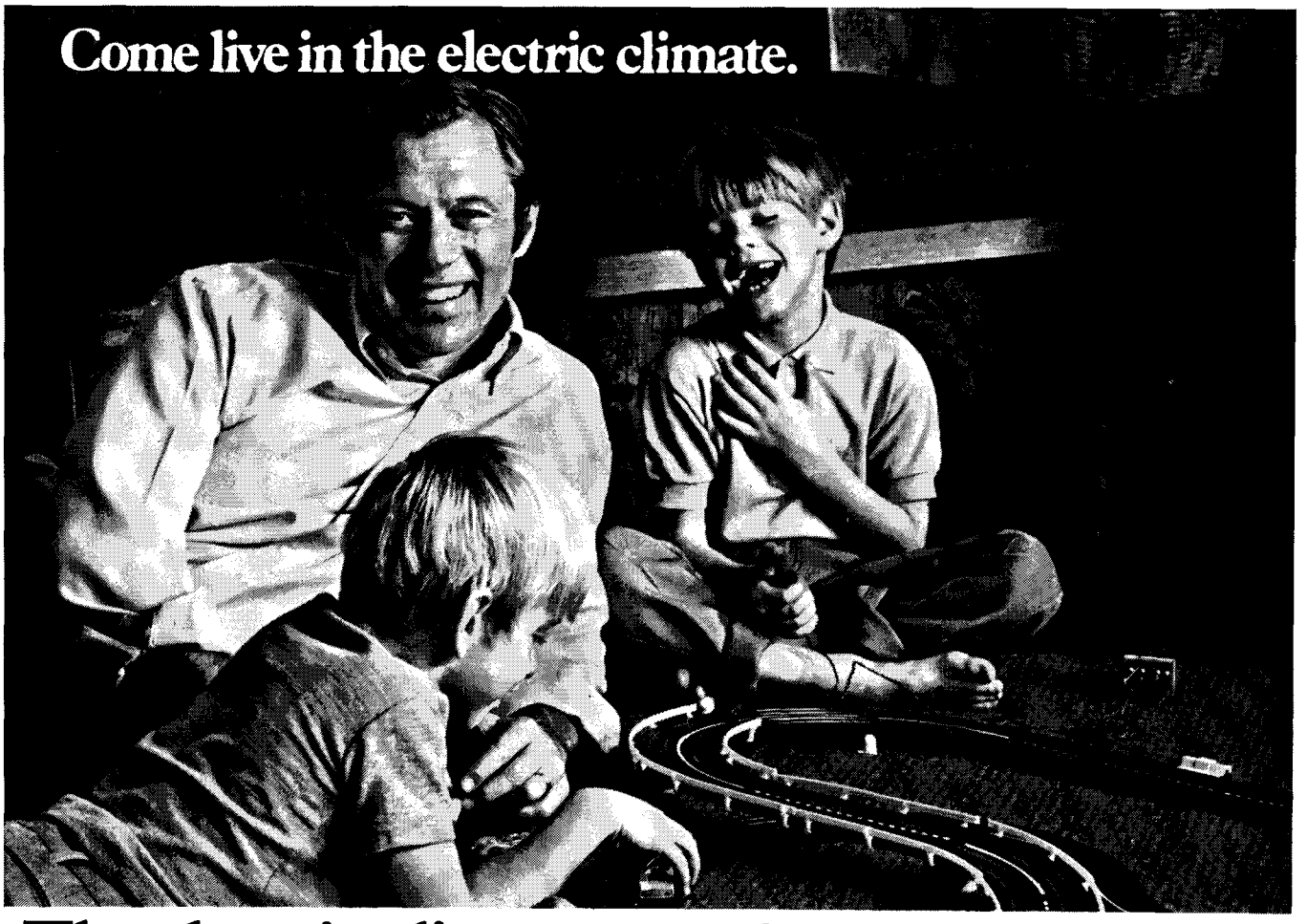

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Folly in Folliesland

THE MOST IMPORTANT musical of the Broadway season is *Follies*, concocted by some of the collaborators who made *Company* the best musical of the last two seasons. The new work uses song and dance to suggest our evolution from the Twenties, Thirties, and Forties, when we counteracted our comparatively simple problems with childishly glamorized entertainments. But it resolutely resists the audience's wish to find these eras nostalgic and charming. Instead, it presents the ghosts of the past as painful exhumations.

Indeed, the theater itself has been turned into the gutted shell of a former Broadway pleasure palace. Here and there, designer Boris Aronson shows us bits of those old, pseudo-classical facades that, seen in cracked form, reveal the phoniness of the whole extravaganza idea. The stage area, a numb void filled with wrecking scaffolds, planks, and pipes, is also a somber reminder that the present has no respect for the past. Reinforcing this sense of alienation are the continual spot appearances of spectral show girls whom Florence Klotz has costumed in patterns of black and white so that they become pale shadows of the glamour they once personified.

Into this special environment march the living remains of some of the old show girls and their husbands, who are meeting for a last reunion before their theater is totally demolished. There is applause for each former star as she makes a somewhat less than grand entrance through the rubble. It makes no difference that only one of them, Ethel Shutta, ever actually performed in any of the twenty-one Ziegfeld Follies presented before Ziegfeld's death in 1934, or in any of the subsequent Ziegfeld Follies (1936, 1943, 1957). They are all bona fide members of the "Whatever Became of —?" Club.

Soon there is more applause for a run-down beauty parade of the no-longer-blooming old girls, accompanied by an aged tenor over-resonating "These Beautiful Girls." This song, which could easily become as popular a beauty contest perennial as "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody," carries in its lyrics a subtle sense of mock. As in the rest of his score, Stephen Sondheim has found a precise viewpoint between parody and facsimile.

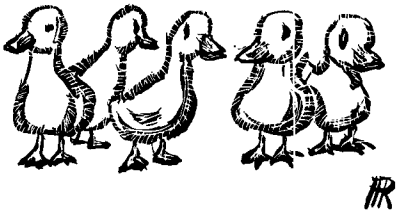
Now James Goldman's less sure-handed plot is introduced. Two former show girls, Sally and Phyllis, arrive followed by their husbands, Buddy and Ben. Sally, we discover, has never relinquished her romantic longing for the more handsome. Ben, and the main event of the evening is to be the exorcism of her psychological obsession. The others have troubles, too, which they will reveal in snatches of song and in vague dialogue.

Because the plot is weak and spreads its focus wide on four characters, *Follies* is forced to rely more heavily on song and dance and production effects than did *Company*. Fortunately, this is what the audience wants, a triumph of energy and skill over the depressingly real environment. Most popular is a sampler of typical old-fashioned turns. These include Charles Welch and Marcie Stringer with a cutesy pitter-patter duet; Fifi D'Orsay with an oo-la-la salute to wicked Paree; Ethel Shutta making fun of the spurious satisfactions of sacrificing all other human considerations just "to be in a sho-ow"; and Mary McCarthy plumbing the depths of despair suffered by a *femme fatale* who only too late recognizes the shallowness of her past. Called "Who's That Woman?," it develops into a vigorous ensemble number, danced by both the old girls and their younger selves, that brings down the house.

But the sad note of "Who's That Woman?" is nicely balanced by Yvonne De Carlo's delivery of "I'm Still Here," a topical song that celebrates the survival of an actress who has dealt pragmatically with variegated vicissitudes from the Depression through McCarthyism to her present situation in which she makes a career out of playing a slightly "camp" edition of her old movie personality.

Interspersed with these specialties are spurts of song and dialogue dealing with the dilemma of the two unfortunate couples who have not come to terms with their situation. This deliberate dispersal of action may be a mistake, or it may be a cop-out. Certainly it makes their story hard to follow. We vaguely comprehend that the courtship of two "Follies" girls by two young stage-door Johnnies was superficial and accidental, and that their ensuing marriages could not count on memories or continuing illusions to make them work. The character who sees this most clearly and who, as a result, dominates the show is Phyllis. The most moving moment in *Follies* comes at the end of her song "Could I Leave You?" when, after expressing all of the dissatisfactions of her life with Ben, she sings, "Could *I* leave *you*? Yes. . . . Will I leave you? Guess!"

Ambitiously, *Follies* attempts to resolve the intramarital/extramarital mess with a series of "follies" performed in old extravaganza style. It is a brilliant theatrical effect when, after almost two uninterrupted hours of shabby environment, bright lacy scenery appears along with show girls in technicolor. Moreover, all of these "follies" expertly capture the flavor of the old musical comedies. Yet, their statement about what is wrong with each of the foursome is virtually impossible to grasp. We gather that somehow Sally has the choice of going crazy, or settling for the unromantic reality of living in the present instead of constantly chasing after a fantasized tomorrow. Buddy seems to have an insecurity problem that requires that he be told he is loved by a girl whose taste he does not respect and that he be punished by having to love unrequitedly someone who is better than he thinks he deserves. Phyllis needs to reconcile opposing drives of cold strength and



warm femininity. And Ben realizes the futility of an aging man's seeking playboy pleasures, instead of more mature satisfactions. At the end, as a gray New York City dawn is seen through a hole in the theater's back wall, the couples appear helplessly reunited, determined to face a no-longer-romanticized tomorrow as a realistic today. It is an arbitrary denouement and no more convincing than the old happy endings.

If we are disappointed that *Follies* is tackling a larger task than it can achieve, we are also aware of the magnitude of the enterprise. Michael Bennett's choreography is surgically precise and maintains a high level of style and vitality. Stephen Sondheim's lyrics are sophisticatedly penetrating, and his music has the flavor of each remembered prototype. And Harold Prince has produced the show without stint and has directed it with care.

As for the individual performances, Alexis Smith brings beauty and controlled emotion to the part of Phyllis, to emerge as a bright, new musical comedy star. In the weaker roles of Sally, Buddy, and Ben, Dorothy Collins, Gene Nelson, and John McMartin give intelligent but subdued portrayals.

(*Continued on page* 65)

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Boulez at the Philharmonic; Major Bach from Stuttgart

SOMETIMES, begging Shakespeare's question, there may be more in a number than in a name, as in the performances of a Berg-Schoenberg-Webern program in which Pierre Boulez became de facto if not de jure music director of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. The name remains the same, but in the changing numbers of the four-part sequence, there was one concert (Saturday evening's) designated 8,000 in the Society's long history. It gave rise to the possibility that, in the next thousand or so, the Philharmonic may acquire what it hasn't had since the days of Artur Rodzinski: a sound, a timbre, a character as special to the "Boulez Philharmonic" as the Chicago Symphony's was to Reiner or the Cleveland Orchestra's to Szell.

There were more than suggestions of it in this program itself, which, in its sequence of the Webern Passacaglia, Schoenberg's *Verklärte Nacht*, the Altenberg songs of Berg, and the same composer's Early Songs and Three Orchestral Pieces, conveyed a point of view, an attitude of mind, and a disposition of spirit decidedly Boulezian. Some might cite it as, if not too much, then more than enough of a good thing; but the evident intent was to persuade a cross section of the Philharmonic's public that there is music in these names, and they should not resist it for purely nominal reasons. That it was beautifully played, and also beautifully sung by Heather Harper, was the kind of hidden persuasion that may succeed where mere logic would not.

And what a beautiful artist Miss Harper is. Standing quietly in place, with no hint of a word book or other prop to the memory, she sounded the intervals of the Altenberg songs as easily as if she were singing scales, and with a good deal more emotional effect. Perhaps her training as a pianist has given her the musical mind to visualize the sound she is to produce, but it is only the nearly instrumental kind of technic she commands (an asset remarked upon when she made her debut as soprano soloist in a Szell performance of the Beethoven No. 9 in 1969) that enables her to articulate so surpassingly well such skips and leaps as the Berg songs contain. If there was a blemish to be noted, it was in Boulez's inclination to overstress the orchestra and smother Miss Harper's superb statement of the German texts. Far-in, rather than even moderately far-out "Viennese school" though this program was, it was a curtain raiser on a period of musical drama to come.

As a prelude, perhaps, to the return of its now top-rated Ballet, the city of Stuttgart provided a post-Easter visit to Carnegie Hall by its Bach Collegium and Gaechinger Kantorei, in a three-part festival that included the two great Passions and the B-minor Mass. What kind of effort might be anticipated was hard to say; there are many schools of thought on Bach performance in Germany, and the one practiced in Stuttgart has not been sufficiently disseminated on records to be as familiar as, say, Karl Richter's in Munich.

To judge from the spirited as well as spiritual, the non-ponderous but substantial performance of the B-minor Mass, the particular prize and adornment of the Stuttgart Bach Chorus is its conductor, Helmuth Rilling. A man now in his late thirties, with a background of training in Italy as well as in his native Baden-Württemberg (of which Stuttgart is the capital), Rilling has, in little more than a dozen years, organized and disciplined a choral ensemble that is, together with an excellent orchestra, the essential element in the fine results that were heard.

Had the solo singers been of the same caliber, this would have been a performance of the B-minor Mass to put beside the choice ones of memory. However, the gap between the ensemble and the solo vocal effort not merely was wide, it was on the order of embarrassing. None of the five has vocal means of real quality, and though musicianship was in strong supply, facility or even fidelity to the pitch was in the twilight zone of undependability. Perhaps it was the brooding presence of Carnegie Hall, but it was clear, from the sequence of solos beginning with "Laudamus te" and concluding with "Quoniam tu solus"—in which Hildegard Laurich, alto; Barbara Rondelli, soprano; Karl Markus, tenor; and Siegmund Nimsgern, bass, were heard sequentially—that the solo talent should be upgraded to give Rilling the resources to make the maximum effort of which he is capable. All the instrumental solos were well performed, though the obbligato for "Quoniam tu solus sanctus" was played on a normal horn rather than the corno da caccia, for which it was written.

Where Charlotte in Massenet's *Werther* is concerned, it seems to be the Metropolitan management's premise that one good Kundry deserves another. The sequence started with Christa Ludwig, a Kundry in this season's new production of Wagner's *Parsifal*, in the principal female role, and it ended with Régine Crespin, a fine Kundry in other seasons, in the same part (in between, there had been Rosalind Elias, a non-Kundry).

If this suggests that there is no longer such a thing as an age of specialization, it is all too true operatically. Perhaps there was a time in the Crespin career when she might have been a fine Charlotte, too, but the quality of sound, the graces of usage, and the artistry with which she prepares her effects are insufficient to offset the sizable figure she presents, her remote resemblance to anything like an ingénue, and the disaffecting disproportion in age among herself, her sister Sophie, and the smaller children—who might well be her own, rather than her sister and brother.

Everything Crespin does is rooted in a French sense of being, and she not only sings the words eloquently but reacts, in her demeanor, to the sense of each salient one as neither of her predecessors did. The cast was otherwise composed of a familiar male trio (Corelli, Corena, and Reardon), but it was a pleasure to welcome a new, attractive Sophie in Gail Robinson.

The latest of Lucias is Patricia Brooks, who recently took her place for the first time in the New York City Opera's production of Donizetti's melodious tragedy in the State Theater. A thoughtful performer who has earned a reputation for intelligence and thorough preparation, Miss Brooks was also that as Lucia—thoughtful, careful, a shade over-conscious of effect at her entrance for "Regnava nel silenzio." Vocally, Miss Brooks's effort was clean, well-phrased, considerate of detail, not over-embellished, and also somewhat bigger in sound than might have been anticipated from some of her prior roles. What is lacking at the present time is sheer beauty of sound, charm, or tonal distinction. What she does tends to be bland and lacking in variety of colors. These comments do not apply to the "Mad Scene," which I did not hear. The performance was otherwise notable for a strong performance of Edgardo by Michele Molese. Ross Reimueller, who conducted, doubtless could have benefited by additional rehearsal time.

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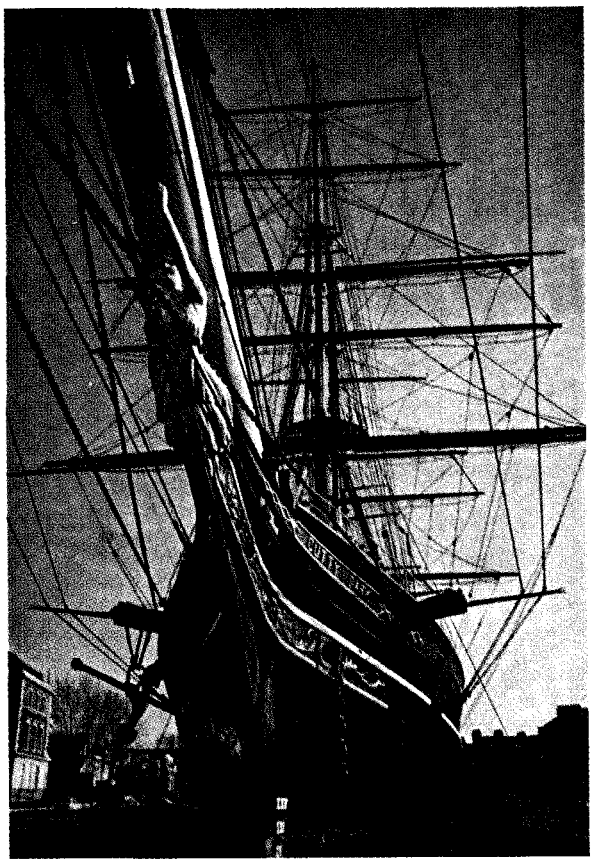
The living Cutty Sark.



Cutty Sark, greatest of the clipper ships, still lives at Greenwich, England. Since 1957, when she was opened as a memorial to Britain's merchant seamen, over 4 million people have walked her decks, marveled at her fantastic display of clipper era memorabilia and tried, if only for a moment, to experience the magic of the days of wooden ships and iron men.

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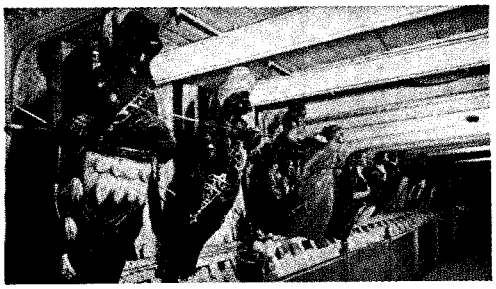

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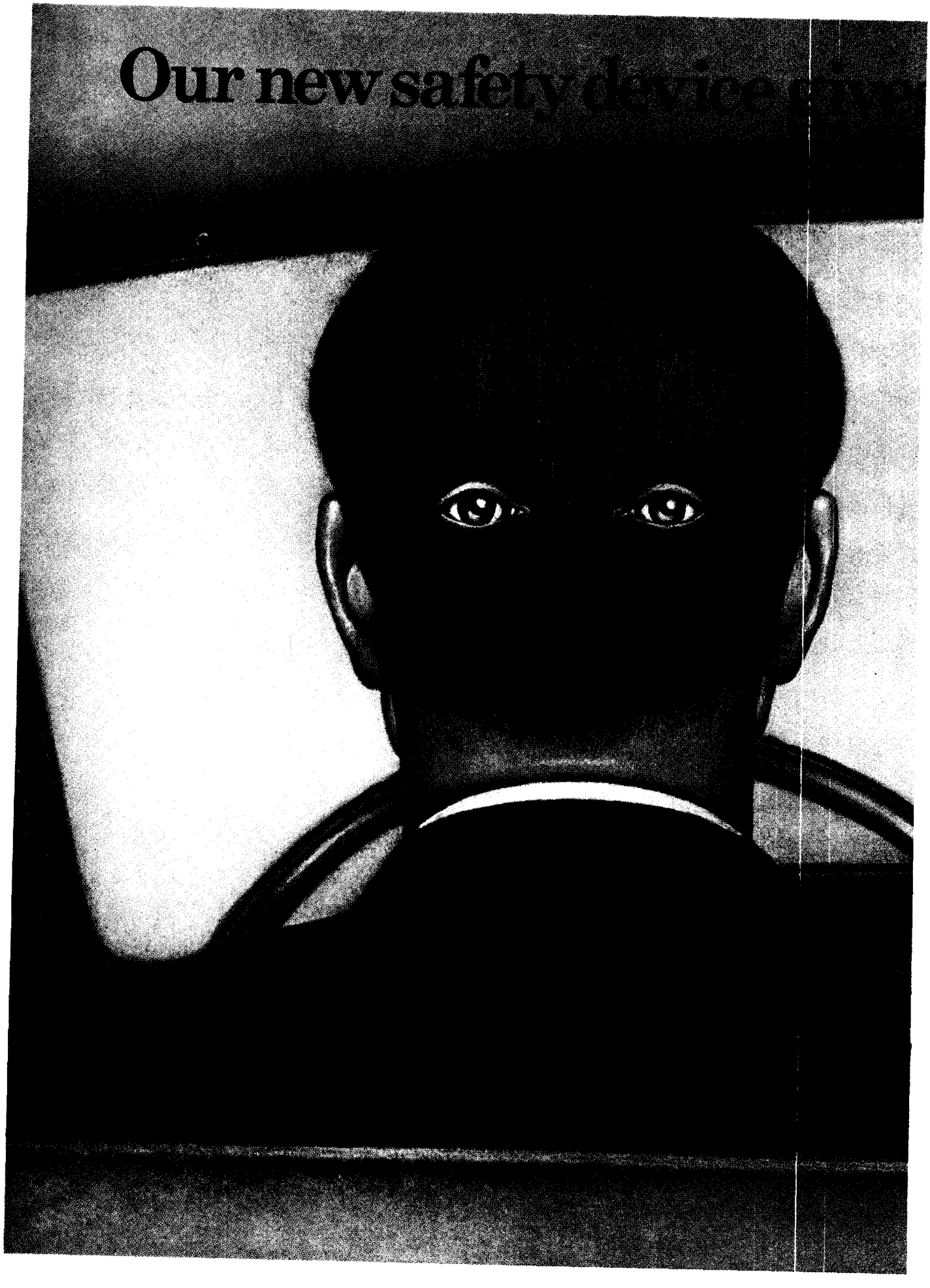

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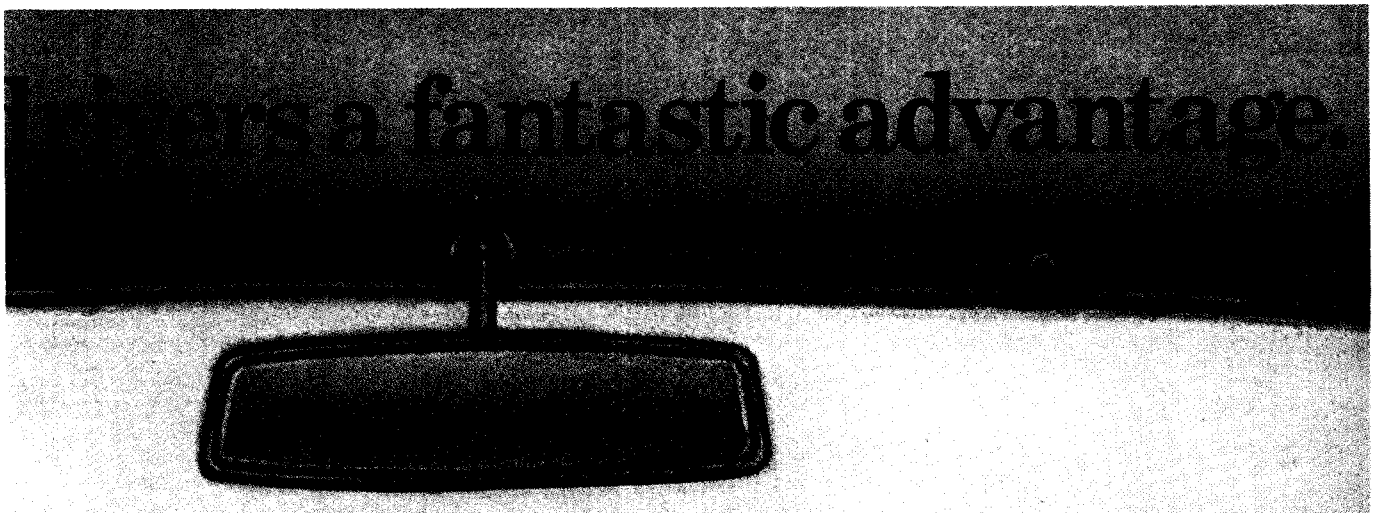

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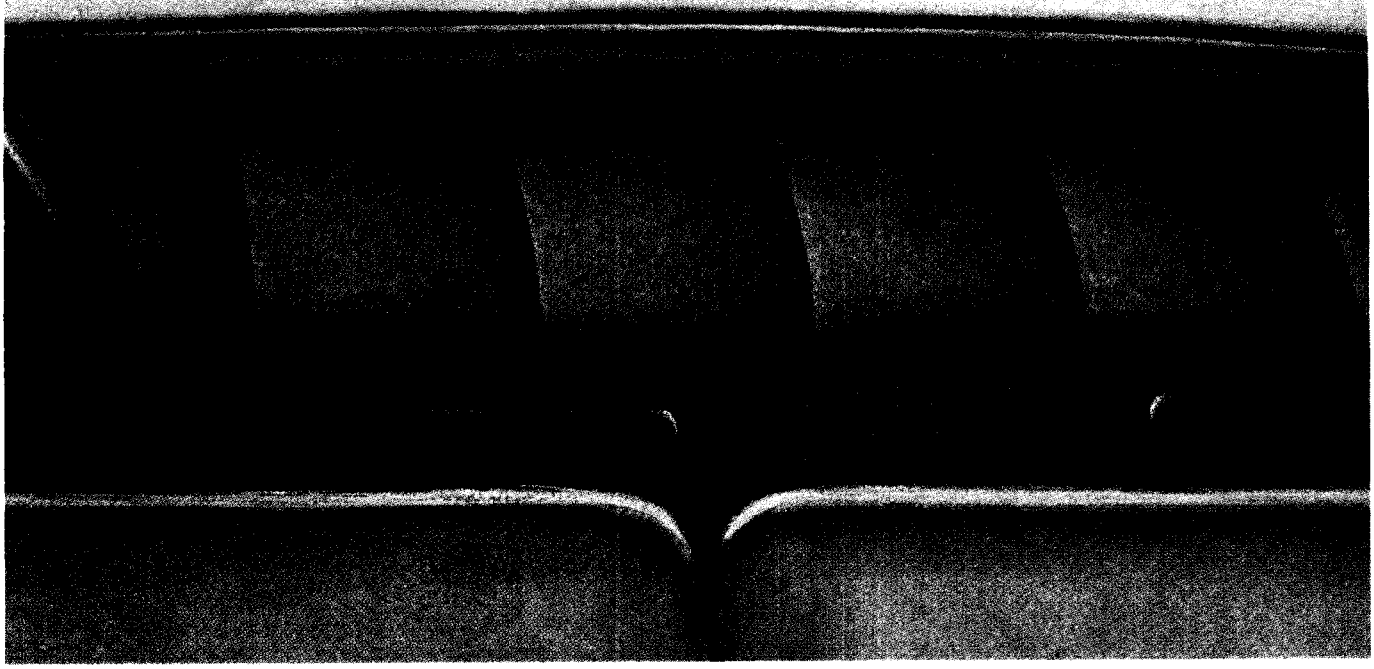

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Very Cold Turkey

After a 5 to 1 majority vote, the FCC recently notified broadcast licensees that serious questions would be raised about their operation in the public interest if the licensees did not review the lyrics of songs played on their stations that refer to illegal drugs such as marijuana, LSD, "speed," etc. Commissioner Nicholas Johnson, the lone dissenter, charged that this action was "an attempt by a group of establishmentarians to determine what youth can say and hear." Perhaps it could be said that the FCC majority is composed of middle-class adults who are understandably up-tight about the dramatic increase in drug use. This gentler characterization, however, does not prevent me from concluding that they have made a very serious error, one that is both an ineffective and unconstitutional violation of the free speech provision of the First Amendment.

An argument that the broadcasting of such lyrics is not in the public interest may have some force (which I do not believe). But even so, it collides with the proposition that public advocacy of behavior that challenges current standards is precious and must prevail in the absence of the traditional court criterion—namely, the presence of a clear and present danger so immediate as to override all other considerations. Granting the severity of the drug situation, the FCC can hardly maintain that a clear and present danger exists when young people merely hear lyrics that refer to drugs.

Indeed, most such lyrics are heard on progressive-rock FM stations, which generally have adult, sophisticated audiences. Young people as a rule are fans of the so-called "teenybopper, top-40 stations," which rarely program the progressive rock.

Even if youngsters did listen widely to progressive rock, public discussion and education rather than censorship and mystification are better ways to cultivate rational attitudes toward drugs. The advocacy consideration is even more vital. Under the law, individuals are free to write books advocating the use of illegal drugs; they can publish songs that do so and sing them in public. The Supreme Court's decision in the landmark Red Lion case held that the crucial First Amendment consideration in a broadcast context was the public's right "to receive suitable access to social, political, esthetic, moral, and other ideas and experiences."

The commission may argue that it intervenes because the dangerous messages enter defenseless homes. Even beyond the rebuttal that the children aren't listening, is the notion that they will reject the adult world still more than they do now if they feel that they are once again being manipulated. The FCC public notice is an exercise in overkill. Literally thousands of records are presented to disc jockeys for airing. Some lyrics may intend to "promote or glorify the use of illegal drugs" (the FCC's words). However, some dramatically depict the dangers of drug abuse ("The Pusher"), and some are merely artistic, often ambiguous, creative play around the mind-expansion idea. It is virtually impossible, and certainly too costly, to screen them all; most of the time it is difficult to discover what the lyrics are saying, much less to decipher their meanings. The result of the FCC notice has been, in a multitude of cases, that licensees are blacklisting all lyrics that may even remotely be connected to drugs.

Some stations are even banning lyrics that refer to sex and "radical" subjects. This has what the courts call a "chilling effect" on free expression, causing artists and record companies to self-censor their products. Challenges, including a court test by the Stern Community Law Firm, are in the process of being filed, and the FCC may have to narrow its policy or probably be defeated in court. A court would ask why illegal drugs have been singled out for the FCC's concern when alcohol kills more people than even heroin, and commercial advertising promotes and glorifies galaxies of euphoric and sedative pills. The FCC said that it had received "a number of complaints" about drug lyrics, but it did not specify how many or from whom. Why has it chosen this subject for attention over other subjects of "current and pressing concern"?

A depressing irony of the affair is that not a single licensee has indicated that it will challenge the commission. While the networks loudly seek their First Amendment rights, the local boys hasten to obey an obviously arbitrary act of censorship. A few courageous disc jockeys have rebelled, have lost their jobs, and are taking up the court fight. The unconventional are defending our right to be unconventional.

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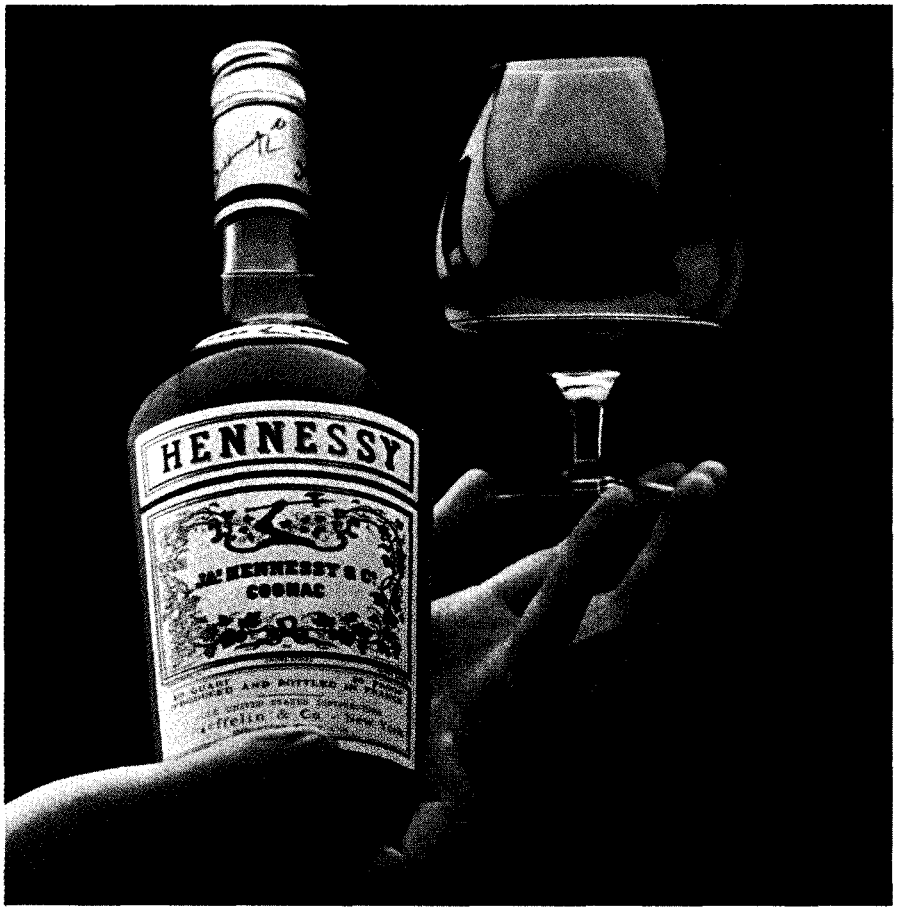

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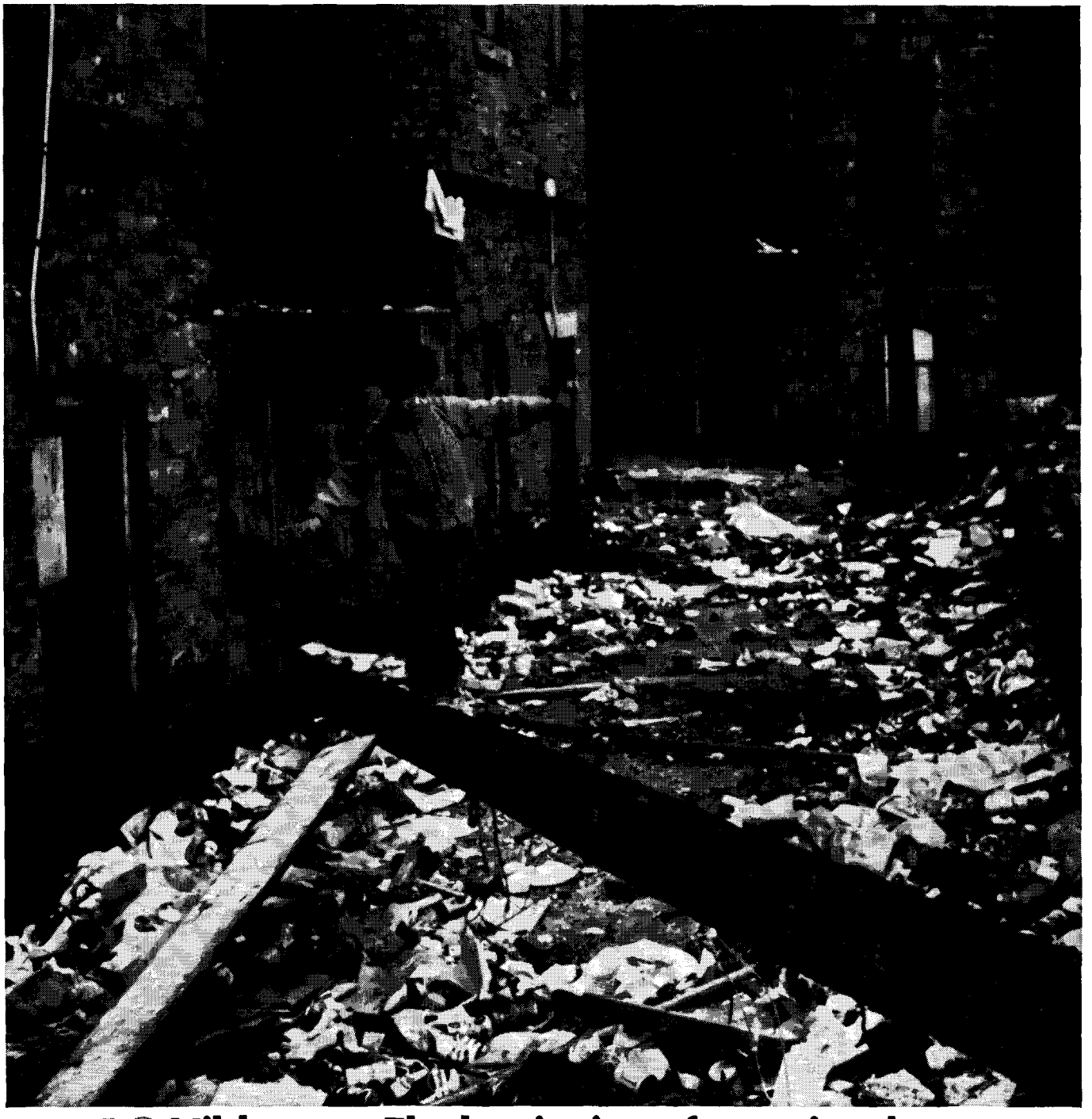

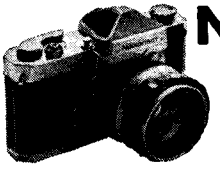

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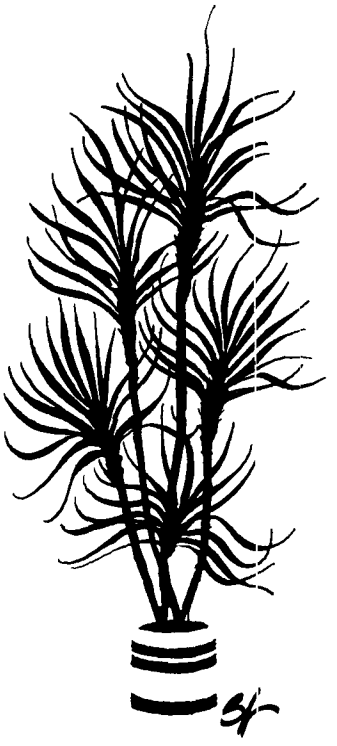
Youth, Dollars, and Development



"A million-and-a-half young people are convinced that the U.S. system can yet be made to work, not merely for Americans but for all the peoples of the world."

by ROBERT R. NATHAN

Next weekend, May 8 and 9, more than a million-and-a-half young people in nearly 400 U.S. cities will be walking twenty to thirty miles, collecting dollars—and blisters—for something they call development.

Walking for development? What does this mean? What makes these young people, seemingly all of a sudden, excited by an idea that the rest of America has virtually forgotten? Some of the answer lies in the natural contagion of a successful experience. The walks in this country will be part of an international event that began in 1963 when the U. N. Food and Agriculture Organization appealed to students in Britain, the Netherlands, and Scandinavia to help raise money for the fight on world hunger. The students responded by organizing walks with a unique fund-raising technique: Each walker solicited one or more sponsors who promised to give a certain sum for every mile he walked. The idea spread first to Canada, and later, in 1968, to the United States. Since then, under the auspices of the Young World Development division of the American Freedom from Hunger Foundation, teen-agers in this country have held 195 walks and raised over $3-million.

Now, next weekend, for the first time a coordinated, nationwide walk will coincide with walks in forty other countries. Some ten million sponsors, including Congressmen and ambassadors, have pledged to back the U. S. effort. The more than $5-million that the organizers confidently expect to raise will be divided equally between overseas and domestic self-help projects.

Why do these young people walk? In the small cities of Moorhead, Minnesota, and Fargo, North Dakota, where the first U. S. walks began three years ago, the participants might have answered: "We're walking to help the Indians in North Dakota get a nutrition project and to give agricultural training to the farmers in Dahomey." In Washington, at the buzzing Young World Development headquarters, youth leaders put it a different way. They're walking to raise not only money but an issue. They want to surface the whole question of development, in all its complexity. Around this issue, they want to organize an active constituency. They want all Americans to understand that " 'development' is the new word for 'peace.' " To achieve this understanding will hardly be easy. Development is currently the most submerged, the most confused, the most unfocused issue of our times—almost ignored in its international aspects and completely misunderstood in terms of its domestic implications.

Last October, delegates of both developed and developing countries agreed that the most significant event of the 25th anniversary of the United Nations would be the launching of the Second Development Decade. Although the entire U.N. press corps covered the ceremony at which the development strategy was announced, apparently in the minds of most U. S. newspaper editors it had little news value. *The New York Times* ran only a brief advance story under a one-column headline; the influential Washington *Post* carried nothing at all.

Similarly, it is now more than a year since President Nixon received and welcomed recommendations for a complete reorganization of international development agencies. At this writing, he has yet, however, to send specific proposals to Congress. Moreover, those Congressmen who once viewed the urgency of poverty at home and abroad in full perspective and called for simultaneous action on both fronts now rally around only such specific domestic issues as health, education, and housing.

To the extent that present U. S. development policy can be defined, it is tragically out of date. Grounded in a concept that too often equates development with handouts, it measures progress mostly in quantitative physical terms, as if the human spirit were a numerical factor in the Gross National Product. Perhaps most important, it persistently fails to recognize that domestic and international interests are complementary rather than conflicting.

Unhappily, were one to judge strictly by the actions of our government, the prospects for a coherent, more rational policy would be slim indeed. Over the past decade, the United States has gradually reduced its share in the flow of international development funds until today—in terms of dollars contributed as a percentage of GNP—we rank sixteenth among the sixteen member nations of the Development Assistance Committee. There is a danger, moreover, that we may reduce our commitment even more, all the

ROBERT R. NATHAN is a Washington-based consulting economist; he is also president of the American Freedom from Hunger Foundation.

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while appearing impressively magnanimous and international-minded. In accord with recommendations from two prestigious commissions, official Washington is pressing openly to increase our multilateral aid, through such agencies as the World Bank, by, say, $200- to $300-million a year. Covertly, however, these forces are arguing for a decrease in bilateral aid by as much as $1-billion. These forces, moreover, are of the same neoisolationist mind that last fall successfully engineered withdrawal of U. S. support from the International Labor Organization and that almost succeeded in returning us to the protectionist trade policies of the Thirties. In sum, we enter the Second Development Decade far worse off than we were ten years earlier.

Why this seeming disaffection with development and the cause of the have-nots? The reasons are many:

First, we are afflicted with a political leadership that, even when it talks about priorities, does not believe in them enough to educate the public on the necessity of paying for them. During the past fifteen years, we have had many opportunities to direct surplus revenues toward the overcoming of deficiencies in schools, hospitals, urban housing, and environmental matters both here and abroad. Instead, on each occasion our leadership has chosen to soothe us with lollipops in the form of reduced taxes. In 1964, for example, a time of relative prosperity, we took a $13-billion bite out of federal revenues. Had the 1964 tax rates prevailed, Uncle Sam would today be receiving an additional $25-billion every year.

Despite the fact that ours is the highest per capita income in the world—and taxation *ought* to be at least proportionate to per capita income—our tax burden, relative to our national income, ranks sixteenth among the major industrial nations. This disparity is naturally reflected in our fouled-up domestic priorities. In New York, for instance, we willingly spend $4 per car per day to build and maintain new superhighways; we steadfastly decline to raise the taxes necessary to improve rapid transit, even though we know it would carry us where we want to go faster, cheaper, and with less pollution.

Such a misguided sense of priorities has its effect overseas not only in reduced U. S. dollars for loans and technical assistance but also on the internal policies of struggling young governments. In 1963, I was in El Salvador trying to persuade officials that higher taxes constituted the only hope for financing critically needed public services. When news came that President Kennedy had proposed a big federal tax cut, my carefully prepared argument was promptly rejected by El Salvador's highly prosperous, hold-the-line business community.

But even a committed political leadership would have a tough job cutting through the prejudices and ambiguities that characterize current U. S. opinion on the overseas development issue. "We've done well in Taiwan, Turkey, Korea, Israel, and other places," goes one fashionable line. "The job of development is really over, so let's quit." Curiously, another breed of neoisolationist is arguing for an end to foreign aid on the grounds that it has been a costly failure. One of this group's most frequent charges is that our aid dollars never reach the people they're supposed to but invariably go to line the pockets of corrupt local officials. From personal experience, I would judge that at most 10 to 15 per cent of foreign-aid funds might be lost or diverted in this fashion, and part of this amount represents "hidden salaries." In many developing countries, the pay of government administrators is so low that modest "rake-offs" have become an acceptable and necessary means of subsistence.

It should go without saying that whatever they are spent for, aid funds should be spent wisely. Still, what many critics fail to understand is that for development programs to work at all they must, above all, be indigenous. This means, among other things, that if Burma thinks it critical to spend a million dollars rehabilitating a Buddhist temple, it may represent the best possible allocation of U. S. aid dollars, no matter how contrary it may seem to our own sense of values.

But what disturbs me most are the simplistic attitudes emerging among many friends of mine, including twenty-year veterans in the field of economic development. They should know better. They have, I fear, become so reconciled to the steady cutbacks in U. S. funds that they have talked themselves into believing in costless solutions. Instead of fighting for more foreign aid, they rationalize that bootstrap operations can succeed without it—or worse, that progress is not necessarily dependent on material assistance. I understand their frustration. For a long while, we were inclined to assume that all we needed for successful overseas development was more machinery, more capital, more seed, more fertilizer, and a liberal sprinkling of technical know-how. Now we have come to understand that speeding up the pace of economic development can create complex and pervasive problems, especially for individuals. In Colombia, for example, the GNP increased during the Sixties at an annual rate of 8 per cent. But this growth rate came about partly through modernization in agriculture, which sparked a rural-to-urban migration. The result was a sharp increase in unemployment, for as fast as it was, industrialization could not keep pace with the burgeoning supply of workers. But to conclude from this that economic development is bad and should be ended is absurd. What this and other like experiences should have taught us is that economic development must go hand in hand with social, human, and political development.

On the domestic front, there has occurred a similar disenchantment among professionals in the so-called—and dubiously conceived—War on Poverty. Our domestic anti-poverty effort began with the same materialistic conviction that we held regarding international development—that all our problems would vanish if we put enough money into every man's pocket. Had we acted on this conviction, which is to say, had we worked out a guaranteed-income formula, the problem of deprivation would surely be more manageable today than it is, though it would hardly have disappeared. When we abandoned this idea as unrealistic, we vested our hopes in an array of special programs but provided none of them with adequate dollars. We then discovered that education worked its wonders slowly; that Head Start didn't change family circumstances immediately; that jobs for the deprived couldn't be created overnight, even with the help of the National Alliance of Businessmen. Now, in our rush to solve the welfare mess, we are swinging back to the only-money-will-do-it school of thinking. The move to provide an income floor is a good one, and it is long overdue. But it is also inadequate. When we pass the Family Assistance Plan, we will still need to concentrate—in fact, even more so—on the pathology of discrimination and poverty. Otherwise we will end up a decade from now with millions of Americans still undernourished spiritually, if not materially.

Equally simplistic is the increasingly popular view that holds economic growth to be incompatible with a healthy environment. Interestingly, I have heard this argument advanced with fervor both at a meeting on land use in Denver and at a conference of

(*Continued on page* 64)

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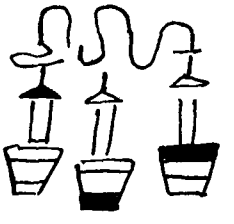
When North and West Try to Help

Are the industrially developed countries of the North and West even capable of helping the so-called backward nations of Asia, Latin America, and Africa? Or are we in highly mechanized societies trying to shove something down the economic throat of underdeveloped areas that simply cannot be digested at this point in history? These topics have smoldered and burst into flame at the General Assembly of the United Nations and in the Food and Agriculture Organization's recent comment on how to help less fortunate lands. The discussion is worth capsuling, for hunger, illiteracy, and disease remain the dreadful triad holding back struggling countries from the basic living standards every nation needs for political survival.

In a recent article in *Ceres*, the bimonthly review of the FAO, Carl Eicher, Michigan State economist, suggests that the most dangerous factor in planning for overall growth during the 1970s is in underestimating the population explosion, particularly on the continent of Africa. Death and birth rates in Africa are close to the highest in the world; life expectancy thirty-five to forty years. It is a certainty that the African population will double by the 1990s, while the size of most African cities will double every decade. As the FAO points out, this great surge of newcomers to the labor force has to be a key consideration for agricultural economists looking ahead in the Seventies.

The developed countries are making another mistake when dealing with such undeveloped places as Africa. Particularly in the West, we think of a lump of capital as an overriding priority, when, to be candid about it, modern agricultural techniques and sociological and psychological changes in local habits and customs are far more important. For instance, it is critical that Africa's political leaders recognize how counterproductive delays on their part with regard to family planning will surely be. Major social objectives, such as universal primary education, improved housing, and good water supply, will become more and more difficult to achieve as the population explosion continues unabated while politicians "wait and see." What must be faced is the fact that the bulk of the countries in Africa are experiencing volcanic changes in their governmental and social systems; medium to long-range planning, including Western fixation on capital investment, is therefore utterly unrealistic, if not downright useless. Dr. Eicher believes that underestimating this population explosion in Africa is the greatest single danger in dealing with that great awakening continent.

The world's industrialized nations so far have shown remarkably little sensitivity in helping Africans mechanize their agriculture. This mistake has not been for lack of good will or enlightened self-interest within the advanced countries. The plain fact is that African countries are in a technological trap, locked into economic methods originating in the developed countries, methods sometimes having little or nothing to do with the indigenous problems of agrarian Africa. According to Dr. Eicher, almost all—95 per cent—of the world's development and research originates in already industrialized countries. This technology invariably has been created to solve problems in areas far more advanced than Africa, but such techniques are inappropriate to the growth endowment of Africa. Thus, the technological trap makes it just about impossible to relate to labor surplus conditions in African agriculture.



Africa, unlike Latin America or Asia, has no major land-tenure problems requiring public land reform action. Africa's system of small land plots is quite capable of absorbing a rising work force if the incentives are there. But the sorry fact is that African countries are bound to have even greater unemployment during the 1970s. In the same issue of *Ceres*, Erik Thorbecke, professor of economics at Iowa State, remarks that population growth will outrun the employed force unless provision is made for it in underdeveloped places. Unemployment and underutilization of human resources increased during the 1960s, and the problem seems likely to grow even more serious in this new decade. Since the vast bulk of the African labor force is in agriculture (nearly 80 per cent of it), it follows that the current Western emphasis on industrialization as a unique key to political equality with the rest of the world may simply intensify the problem of African unemployment. In most developing countries, the capacity of the industrial sector to absorb workers has proved extremely limited, while emphasis on industry has discriminated against agricultural development in areas where half to three-quarters of the labor force know little else.

What the United Nations and the FAO are saying is that while North and West are slowly becoming aware that hunger, illiteracy, and disease are basic enemies of have-not countries, suggested solutions from industrial-nation formulas are inappropriate to many underdeveloped lands. Food and farming have to come first; unemployment has to be solved on an agrarian level before industrialization can mean very much to dark continents. When North and West try to help by sophisticated means, they get nowhere, leaving the simpler truths for totalitarians alone to see—and use. —R. L. T.

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Letters to the Editor

Brain Pollution

BARNARD LAW COLLIER'S "Brain Power: The Case for Bio-Feedback Training" [*SR*, Apr. 10] neglected to mention some rather interesting correlations between cigarette smoking, air pollution, and "brain power." That is, individuals who smoke more than twenty cigarettes a day or who live in areas where air pollution is moderate to severe have considerably more difficulty producing alpha waves, and when they do, the amplitude is usually extremely low. These results have been confirmed by Dr. Joe Kamiya, the foremost researcher in the field, and certainly suggest further ecologically oriented research. For if, as much data suggests, alpha waves are associated with peak mental and physical performance, an additional weapon has been added to the armamentarium of the anti-pollution, anti-cigarette crusaders. In order to restore peak efficiency, is it necessary to remove research and learning centers from our polluted cities? With air pollution a seemingly insoluble problem, this is the only alternative to accepting less than optimal performance from these institutions, their staffs, and student bodies.

LEONARD MATHESON,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Par for the Course

RE: K. Jason Sitewell's "A Call to Defeat H. R. 6142" [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Apr. 3] and Representative A. F. Day's reply in the following issue.

Congressman Day defends his bill by saying that he believes it "undemocratic and indeed arrogant for large tracts of land to be pre-empted by small numbers of people for any purpose, be it golf or any other *so-called* sport." (Italics mine.) To begin with, Mr. Day has unwittingly revealed his vendetta against golf in this very statement, his "I have no objection . . ." notwithstanding. Now I have no use for golf, and I can name any number of reasons to support this personal non-preference. But fondness for golf is not the issue. The issues are:

The determination of private *and* public land usage is not a legitimate legislative concern of the federal government, unless the land is used for the perpetration of unlawful acts. An example of the certain effect of Day's bill: Near Winston-Salem there is a private park that covers several hundred acres. This park charges admission or entrance at the gate and at swimming pools, etc., but provides the public (unrestrictedly) with quiet wooded spots for picnics and sports. H. R. 6142 would illegalize this park. . . .

Second, Congressman Day would have us believe that an investor in sporting goods has no right to an opinion on matters of legislation (presumably because we have better men—such as the good Congressman—elected to do the job). . . .

Third, the Honorable Mr. Day concludes his letter with the shattering revelation that N. C. *plays golf*! (The implication is inescapable that any magazine whose editor suffers from such moral degradation is automatically suspect.) To this, may I offer several words: Dwight Eisenhower, Richard Nixon, John Kennedy.

Abandoning the many further opportunities that Congressman Day's letter offers for satisfying sarcasm, I come to the real point of this letter. It is certain that H.R. 6142 will be defeated. (Just to be safe, though, I have written the Representative from my district.) But the real issue raised by the introduction of this bill is more serious: It is unspeakably frightening that a man who is as sick as Congressman Day is should be elected to any public office. It can only be hoped that any further bills he sponsors will be reviewed with extreme caution by our nation's legislators. . . .

RICHARD A. HONEYCUTT,
Winston-Salem, N.C.

CONGRESSMAN DAY'S bill, while evidently not perfect, has considerable merit. In many parts of the nation, golf courses are the best tended, loveliest—indeed, in places the *only*—green areas. At present, they accommodate only a relatively few people, generally the affluent and always only those with ample leisure time. With the advent of such technological advancements (?!) as the electric golf cart, golf has become very much an exercise in non-exercise, furthermore; so there is little to be said for the present state of golf in the U.S. in terms of societal benefits.

Perhaps Congressman Day's bill will force the American golfing community to adopt some of the practices of the East—the Japanese practice, for instance, of placing picnic tables and cooking areas in the fairways, thus opening these lovely stretches of green to the general public. With picnickers, nature lovers strolling, and bathers wading in water hazards, the golfers and the non-golfing public will feel a closer kinship. They will be kept on their toes, and the nation's golf links may at last help forge the social links our society so desperately needs.

ANDREW LONG WOODS,
Professor, Dept. of Suburban Planning,
UCLA,
Los Angeles, Calif.

THE EXPOSURE of the "real" N.C. (by Congressman Day) as a golf-playing buddy of Arnold Palmer is enough to raise one's eyebrows in the middle of the backswing. How terrible that N.C. should engage in this so-called sport in addition to his usual scholarly pursuits.

DONALD E. PEISER,
New York, N.Y.

I HAVE READ K. Jason Sitewell's "Call to Defeat H.R. 6142" and A. F. Day's defense, and I am still not sure that someone is not pulling my nine iron. Please tell me that the whole thing isn't so.

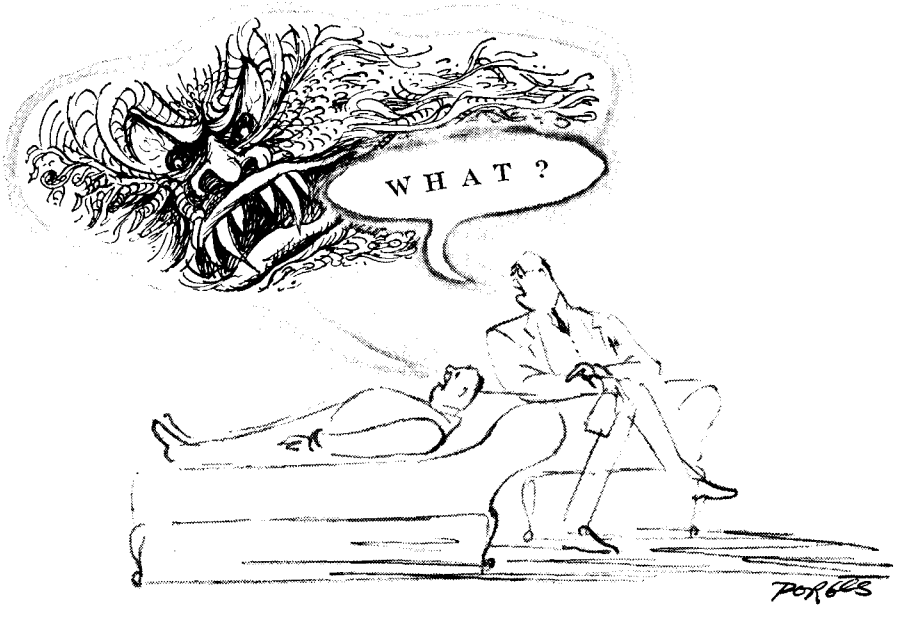
If Mr. Sitewell is serious, then I agree with Congressman Day that all golf courses—not only those used by fewer than 150 persons a day—should be closed. If Mr. Day is not jesting, then I think he should be confined to a golf course—preferably in the company of Mr. Sitewell.

BERL FALBAUM,
Oak Park, Mich.

HERE I AM in bed, sick with chickenpox at age thirty-six. Make my agony a little easier by telling the public if the exchange, re: golf courses, between A. F. Day and K. Jason Sitewell is for real.

DR. W. S. DOXEY,
Carrollton, Ga.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Any resemblance between the name of Congressman A. F. Day and the fact that the Sitewell letter appeared in the issue of* SR *coinciding with April Fool's Day is entirely intentional.*



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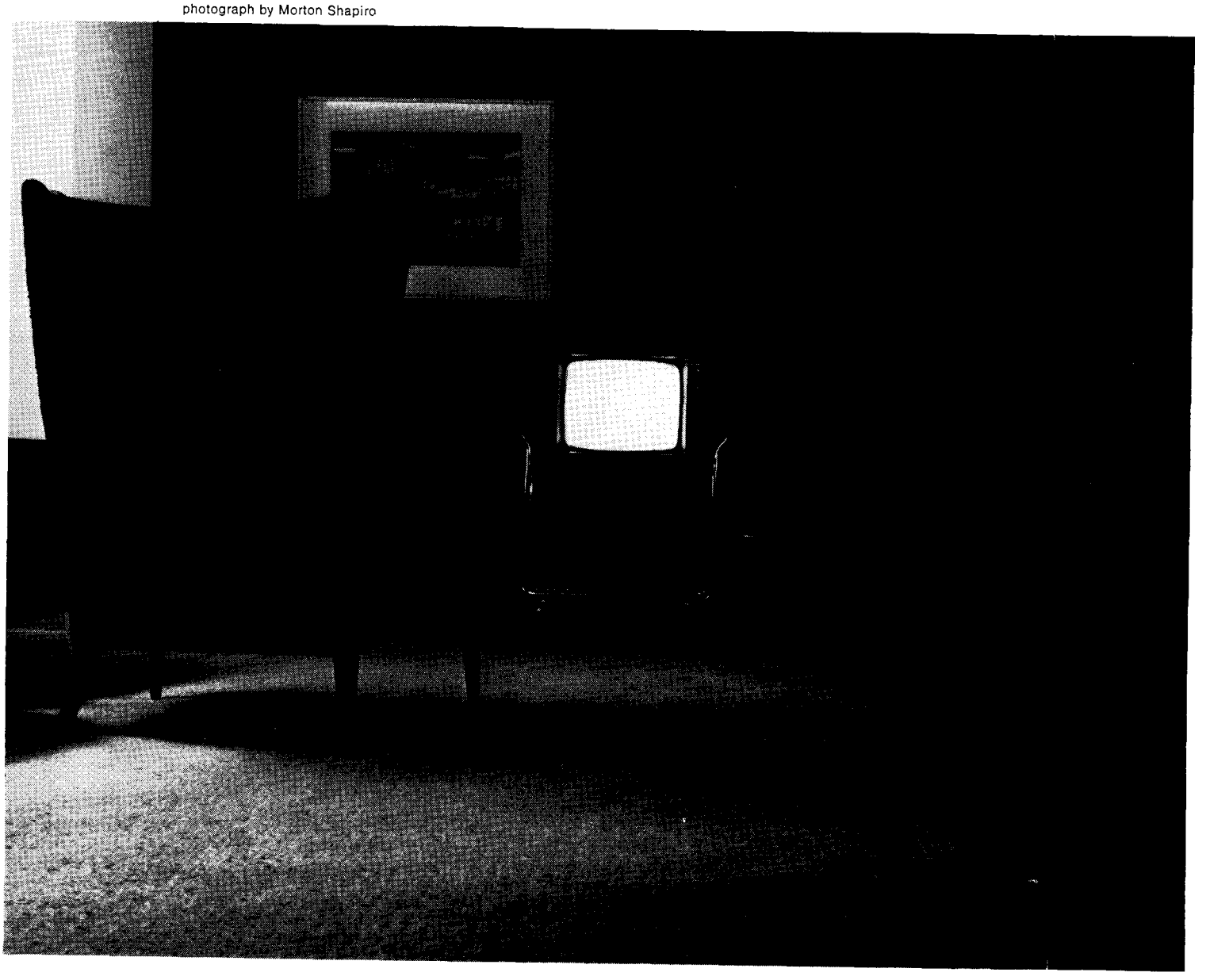

"A room without books is a body without a soul." Cicero.

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Vonnegut's Otherworldly Laughter

by BENJAMIN DEMOTT

CAT'S CRADLE *(Seymour Lawrence/Delacorte, 240 pp., $6; Delta paperback, $1.65)*; **GOD BLESS YOU, MR. ROSEWATER** *(Seymour Lawrence/Delacorte, 224 pp., $6; Delta paperback, $1.75)*; **MOTHER NIGHT** *(Seymour Lawrence/Delacorte, 224 pp., $6; Bard paperback, 95¢)*; **PLAYER PIANO** *(Seymour Lawrence/Delacorte, 304 pp., $6; Bard paperback, 95¢)*; **SIRENS OF TITAN** *(Seymour Lawrence/Delacorte, 320 pp., $6; Delta paperback, $2.25)*; **SLAUGHTER-HOUSE-FIVE, OR THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE** *(Seymour Lawrence/Delacorte, 256 pp., $5.95; Delta paperback, $1.95)*

BULLETIN: Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., has broken out of the pack in the Youthcult Hero Stakes, leaving Norman Mailer, Herbert Marcuse, R. D. Laing, A. S. Neill, *et al.* behind at the top of the stretch. Can this upset-in-the-making be explained? Will a Vonnegut victory hurt letters? Hurt the kids? Hurt anybody?

Answers are easier to come by now than they once were, for the earlier novels by the author of *Slaughterhouse-Five, or The Children's Crusade, a Duty-Dance with Death* (1969) are back in print, permitting sober inquiry into literary and other lines of development. As it happens, the literary lines are pretty simple. The novelist's first try—*Player Piano* (1952)—is tentatively deferential to conventions of plot, characterization, and social detail. Its setting is a factory town resembling Schenectady, where Vonnegut once worked as a PR man for General Electric. Its hero, Paul Proteus, conducts a rebellion against tyrannies of automation and abstraction, and the story is told in orthodox, cause-and-effect narrative rhythms. The tyrannies themselves, moreover—competition, enforced company loyalty, country club parties, ambitious wives, and other matters that were examined in William Whyte's *Organization Man*—are familiar stuff.

Yet, while the surface is in the main traditional, several large cracks do appear in the form of visionary elements. The factory world is, for one thing, futuristic—not today's GE but tomorrow's, fully automated. For another, the portrait of the lives of the townies—people whose test scores exclude them from meaningful work—borrows heavily from Orwell (the proles in *1984*). And the secondary story, detailing a visit to America by a Naïve Stranger, repeatedly touches the fabulous. Symptoms of impatience with "reality" are, in other words, visible from the beginning, hints that for Vonnegut the fabulous could easily become the norm.

And so it does. In the works that follow *Player Piano* fact occasionally asserts itself, usually in historical bits. *Mother Night* (1961) draws on the wartime activities of Lord Haw Haw and Ezra Pound, and on earlier types like Gerald L. K. Smith and Father Coughlin, in telling the tale of an American double agent named Howard W. Campbell hired by Nazis to vilify Jews on the radio. And, as everybody knows, *Slaughterhouse-Five* takes as its crisis the Allied bombing of Dresden and the subsequent firestorm that wiped out hundreds of thousands of lives. But neither book is anything like a chronicle. *Mother Night* is satirical-confessional throughout, and the reportage in *Slaughterhouse-Five* gives way in the end to sci-fi fantasy that flies up from the local disaster to a fanciful, cosmological redefinition of death.

And so it also goes with Vonnegut's major pop hits of the Sixties: *God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater* (1965), *Cat's Cradle* (1963), and *The Sirens of Titan*

BENJAMIN DEMOTT is the author of two novels and four essay collections, the latest of which is *Surviving the Seventies*.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

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(1959). Each story floats free of attachment to dailiness. *Rosewater* introduces a rich, bibulous eccentric addicted to kindness (ROSEWATER FOUNDATION/HOW CAN WE HELP YOU?) and determined to outwit the gaggle of sharpies who seek to strip him of his power to do good. *The Sirens of Titan* tells of another quixotic moneybags, Malachi Constant, a man lured by sirens from another planet into magical space wanderings—again few touchdowns on any recognizably human base. And *Cat's Cradle* is still another imaginary voyage, a "novel" that begins as a probe of the behavior of the fathers of the atomic bomb on the day of Hiroshima, but quickly shapes up as a journey to the end of the world. These three books attempt in their opening pages to create momentary plausibilities of setting—Newport, R. I., "Ilium," N. Y., a law office in Washington, D.C.—and they also venture a word or two of explanation about the origins of the inheritance or the conscience or the interest in space exploration that's the initial focus of the narrative. But the explanations are only teasers: the writer's evident intention is to slip the nets of ordinary life—to fight off the documentary sensibility of the age. And, partly because of the increasing familiarity of the sci-fi mode and partly because of Vonnegut's relaxed good humor, the escape from everyday is usually brought off with grace and ease.

Is this the key to Vonnegut's charm for the young? Certainly escape is attractive, and so too is the *Yellow-Submarine*, Brechtian world of mixed tones that his withdrawal enables Vonnegut to construct. A free-form universe of discourse—fantasy-sermon-satire—can function as a kind of alternative community, a refuge from the oppressive rule of things as they are. But that free-form world, the promise of a truly fresh deal, is obviously only one element of the success. (A comparable promise is made, after all, by Terry Southern, Donald Barthelme, and a number of other writers unconstrained by commonplace social fact; yet none of them has achieved, or seems likely to achieve, Vonnegut's authority among the young.) The case is that Vonnegut is loved not alone for his breakout from boring norms of realism, but for a congeries of opinions, prejudices, and assumptions perfectly tuned to the mind of the emergent generation. Consider the record:

• Youthcult holds that everyone in power is hung up on procedures and forms, blind to the great issues, scared of looking the facts of the age in the eye. Vonnegut says the same. Nobody "will talk about the *really* terrific changes going on," says Mr. Rosewater furiously. Nobody except maybe a sci-fi writer here and there has "guts enough to *really* care about the future . . . *really* notice what machines do to us, what wars do to us, what cities do to us, what big, simple ideas do to us, what tremendous misunderstandings, mistakes, accidents and catastrophes do to us."

• Youthcult holds that we are living in a world about to be trashed, a hair or two away from cataclysm. Vonnegut says the same.

"Daddy," cries the narrator of *Cat's Cradle* (a person who's written a work called *The Day the World Ended*), "Daddy, why are all the birds dead? Daddy, what makes the sky so sick and wormy? Daddy, what makes the sea so hard and still?"

• Youthcult holds that the work ethos at once begets and is begotten by cruelty and hatred. Vonnegut says the same. "Americans have been taught to hate all people who will not or cannot work, to hate even themselves for that," says Kilgore Trout, the sage of *Rosewater*. "We can thank the vanished frontier for that piece of common-sense cruelty. The time is coming, if it isn't here now, when it will no longer be common sense. It will simply be cruel."

• Youthcult holds that the attempt of the elders to hide the prevalence of brutality from the young (and from themselves) is both criminally evasive and doomed to failure. Vonnegut says the same. At the end of *Mother Night* Howard Campbell, on trial for genocide, receives some junk mail from Creative Playthings pitching for toys that prepare kids for life and help them to "work off aggression." Campbell answers:

> I doubt that any playthings could prepare a child for one millionth of what is going to hit him in the teeth, ready or not. My own feeling is . . . [against] bland, pleasing, smooth, easily manipulated playthings like those in your brochure, friends! Let there be nothing harmonious about our children's playthings, lest they grow up expecting peace and order, and be eaten alive. As for children's working off aggressions, I'm against it. They are going to need all the aggressions they can contain for ultimate release in the adult world . . . . Let me tell you that the children in my charge. . . . are spying on real grownups all the time, learning what they fight about, what they're greedy for, how they satisfy their greed, why and how they lie, what makes them go crazy, the different ways they go crazy and so on . . . .

• Youthcult holds that openness is the highest virtue, and that moral and intellectual rigidity—the belief that absolute right or wrong can be known by men—is the root of our sickness. Vonnegut says the same. In *Slaughterhouse-Five* the writer notes that he "never wrote a story with a villain in it," attributing this to the University of Chicago's Anthropology Department ("they taught . . . that nobody was ridiculous or bad or disgusting"). Howard

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

POETS OFF DUTY

Many well-known British and American poets occasionally used their pens on prose concerned with other than strictly literary topics. E. R. Cole of Euclid, Ohio, thought you might enjoy trying to match these poets with their prose. Answers on page 37.

1. *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce* ( )
2. *The Necessity of Atheism* ( )
3. *Description of the Scenery of the Lakes in the North of England* ( )
4. *Justice and Expediency; or, Slavery Considered with a View to Its . . . Remedy . . .* ( )
5. *Democratic Vistas* ( )
6. *View of the Present State of Ireland* ( )
7. *The Contagiousness of Puerperal Fever* ( )
8. *Outre-Mer: A Pilgrimage Beyond the Sea* ( )
9. *A Treatise on the Astrolabe* ( )
10. *On the Constitution of Church and State* ( )
11. *The American Cause* ( )
12. *The English Eccentrics* ( )

a. Geoffrey Chaucer
b. S. T. Coleridge
c. Oliver Wendell Holmes
d. H. W. Longfellow
e. Archibald MacLeish
f. John Milton
g. P. B. Shelley
h. Edith Sitwell
i. Edmund Spenser
j. Walt Whitman
k. John Greenleaf Whittier
l. William Wordsworth

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Campbell preaches solemnly against self-righteousness in *Mother Night*: "There are . . . no good reasons ever to hate without reservation, to imagine that God Almighty Himself hates with you, too. Where's evil? It's that large part of every man that wants to hate without limit, that wants to hate with God on its side." And Vonnegut is forever imagining loony battlefields in the void wherein the collected Mr. Cocksures of the universe can blow themselves to nothingness—"remotes" like the "Chrono-Synclastic Infundibula" described, in children's encyclopedia jargon, in *The Sirens of Titan*:

> Just imagine that your Daddy is the smartest man who ever lived on Earth, and he knows everything there is to find out, and he is exactly right about everything, and he can prove he is right about everything. Now imagine another little child on some nice world a million light years away, and that little child's Daddy is the smartest man who ever lived on that nice world so far away. And he is just as smart and just as right as your Daddy is. Both Daddies are smart, and both Daddies are right. Only if they ever met each other they would get into a terrible argument, because they wouldn't agree on anything. Now, you can say that your Daddy is right and the other little child's Daddy is wrong, but the Universe is an awfully big place. There is room enough for an awful lot of people to be right about things and still not agree. The reason both Daddies can be right and still get into terrible fights is because there are so many different ways of being right. There are places in the Universe, though, where each Daddy could finally catch on to what the other Daddy was talking about . . . . We call these places chrono-synclastic infundibula . . . . You might think it would be nice to go to a chrono-synclastic infundibula and see all the different ways to be absolutely right, but it is a very dangerous thing to do.

• Youthcult holds that Possibility is all, that men must trip out to the borders of self and experience, penetrate the countries wherein ordinary sequences of time break down and past and future coexist, wherein ego and isolation vanish—wherein, like, thought and feeling, man, like, they just flow. Vonnegut says the same. Time and time over he imagines those countries and populates them with instructive (if not model) creatures—the inhabitants of Mercury, for example, as described in *The Sirens of Titan*:

> There is only one sex.
> Every creature simply sheds flakes of his own kind, and his own kind is like everybody else's kind.
> There is no childhood as such. Flakes begin flaking three Earthling hours after they themselves have been shed. They do not reach maturity, then deteriorate and die. They reach maturity and stay in full bloom, so to speak, for as long as Mercury cares to sing.
> There is no way in which one creature can harm another, and no motive for one's harming another.
> Hunger, envy, ambition, fear, indignation, religion, and sexual lust are irrelevent and unknown.
> The creatures have only one sense, touch.
> . . . They have only two possible messages . . . . The first is, "Here I am, here I am, here I am." The second is, "So glad you are, so glad you are, so glad you are." . . .
> Because of their love for music and their willingness to deploy themselves in the service of beauty, the creatures are given a lovely name by Earthlings. They are called *harmoniums*.

"It's too bad you close your mind to astrology because, wow, have you got a year coming up!"

As should be said at once, the dogmas just summarized aren't highly supportive to careerists, lads on the way up, pushers, drivers, scrappers. Instead of toughening wills, they foster softness, acquiescence, an indisposition to stamp your mark on life. And the general thrust, furthermore, like that of hundreds of writers from Blake to Hesse, is "anti-intellectual": don't burn the books, but don't crack them, either. "You can safely ignore the arts and sciences," says Eliot Rosewater. "They never helped anybody." See my Pop, the Nobel Laureate physicist, father of the atom bomb, says Newton Hoenikker in *Cat's Cradle*. The morning Dr. Hoenikker left for Sweden "Mother cooked a big breakfast. And then, when she cleared off the table, she found a quarter and a dime and three pennies by Father's coffee cup. He'd tipped her." Where would true brilliance wind up, asks Vonnegut, if it ever materialized in our midst? Not at the top, is his answer, but in some Green Stamp redemption center, clerking—witness the case of Kilgore Trout.

It also needs to be said that Vonnegut's best literary self is neither dogmatic nor sermonical, nor as simplistic as most of the foregoing themes. It seldom appears, this best self, in comic-strip send-ups of greed like *God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater*. Neither do you meet it in the sci-fi, futuristic, or cataclysmic corridors of *Slaughterhouse-Five* or *The Sirens of Titan* or *Cat's Cradle*. The strongest writing in this *oeuvre* is found in the least fanciful, most tightly made tales—*Player Piano* and *Mother Night*. And again and again in both books the comedy cuts cleanest when the subject in view is that of classical satire—namely, self-delusion. *Player Piano* is a rich survey of ways in which inflexibility and self-simplification exact respect as "integrity," and a mocking indictment of the

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conception of civilization "as a vast and faulty dike, with thousands of men . . . in a rank stretching to the horizon, each man grimly [and self-congratulatingly] stopping a leak with his finger." The memorable set piece, a brilliantly worked conceit, matches a machine-mesmerized manager against Checker Charley, a sick computer, and dramatizes swiftly, precisely, fiercely a dozen brands of contemporary superstition. The computer plays poorly, is obviously shot—yet the human opponent can't believe in his own success:

> To Paul's surprise, he took one of [Charley's] pieces without, as far as he could see, laying himself open to any sort of disaster. And then he took another piece, and another. He shook his head in puzzlement and respect. The machine apparently took a long-range view of the game with a grand strategy not yet evident. Checker Charley, as though confirming his thoughts, made an ominous hissing noise, which grew in volume as the game progressed.

And when the explosion comes, human hearts—self-conned into faith that men are machines and vice versa—are torn and "good men" weep:

> "Fire!" . . .
>
> A waiter came running with a fire extinguisher and sent a jet of fluid into Checker Charley's entrails. Steam billowed up as the jet fizzed and sputtered on the glowing parts. The lights on Charley's steel bosom were skittering about the board wildly now, playing a demoniacal and swift game according to rules only the machine could understand. All the lights went on at once, a hum swelled louder and louder, until it sounded like a thunderous organ note, and suddenly died. One by one, the little lamps winked out, like a village going to sleep.
>
> "Oh my, my, oh my" . . . .
>
> The engineers crowded around Checker Charley, and those in the front rank probed through the ashes, melted tubes, and blackened wires. Tragedy was in every face. Something beautiful had died.

(The feigned grief, raspingly tender, of the sleeping-village metaphor is vintage Vonnegut.)

And in *Mother Night* a precisely analogous kind of comedy is achieved in a dramatization of the mind of a Jew-baiter that simultaneously illuminates the capacity of the meanest of men to see himself as virtuous, and the incapacity of the best men to name their virtues in terms that don't trivialize them. (Fascists engaged in organizing a bully-boy, storm-trooping Iron Guard describe themselves—earnestly—as "working with youngsters . . . just ordinary kids from all walks of life . . . kids who would ordinarily

(*Continued on page* 38)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Fallibility

MARKUS BARTH is quite correct in his review of Hans Küng's book *Infallible?* [*SR*, Apr. 10] in saying that Rome must now face up to the serious problems, both internal and ecumenical, caused by the doctrine of infallibility—whether papal, episcopal, counciliar, ecclesiological, or whatever. I wish to point out, however, that Küng's is not the first important voice in recent times to be raised against the tyranny of infallibility. Three years ago a Dutch-born bishop, Francis Simons of Indore, treated the issue in nearly identical fashion in his less extensive but unjustly overlooked work, *Infallibility and the Evidence* (Templegate).

Simons wrote: "The fact that after the schism the Orthodox churches have preserved without infallibility the essentials of the gospel for a thousand years and that the trinitarian and christological dogmas have survived until today among Protestants who believe in a divine revelation, shows that it is not infallibility that is responsible for the preservation of the substance of the gospel, but precisely faithfulness to Christ as portrayed in the authentic gospel accounts." However, once the common consensus of the undivided Church had been lost, unanimity in matters of faith naturally was destroyed and the seeds of unscriptural infallibilism began to flourish.

The non-Roman Catholic world can only agree with the arguments of such men as Simons and Küng. The pernicious character of infallibilism is such that once it has established its own authority, it operates independently of all other criteria and accepts or rejects them on its own terms.

FR. CLEMENT PALMER,
Swartz Creek, Mich.

AT THIS LATE DATE Küng's inquiry has not caused a ripple in the consciousness of many Roman Catholics. Long ago many of us had to admit that human thoughts and words can hope only to approximate the truth, more and more closely if these thoughts and words are rigorously and continuously re-examined, something that the general academic and scientific communities accepted so long ago that the principle is unconsciously applied. And long before Küng's book, biblical and historical scholarship revealed as shaky, if existent, the "evidence" for any conferral of infallibility upon either the Pope or a church.

If Küng's inquiry, and *The Moment of Truth* of the NFPC are indices of the progress of Catholic renewal, we had better forget the whole thing. Most men religiously concerned for the future are grappling with more important realities. The private, tradition-harrowed conscience that agonizes over infallibility and celibacy is out of it. The issue is a crisis of mankind—the national wickedness of Mylai, increasing Third World famine, collapse of credibility in the basic structures of Western civilization. Human misery, human survival itself, are our religious and moral imperatives.

ROBERT N. PUHL,
Storrs, Conn.

WITHOUT UNDERTAKING an elaborate rebuttal of Markus Barth on papal infallibility, I can offer a clue to his credentials by noting one error of fact, one travesty of Catholic teaching, one exercise in hubris.

Fact: The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception was defined in 1854, sixteen years before Vatican I defined papal infallibility.

Travesty: Dr. Barth writes that "the encyclicals of the Pope, no less than his dogmatic utterances, call for unconditional faith, acceptance, and obedience." This is crude. An encyclical calls for just that degree of acceptance that is required by the subject matter itself, its relation to faith or morals, and the solemnity with which the Pope intends to treat it. Dr. Barth, by equating a solemn proclamation of doctrine with *obiter dicta* on, say, economics, manages to trivialize all papal pronouncements—as he no doubt means to. For a sophisticated study of this complex question, *Politics and Catholic Freedom*, by Garry Wills, is the most searching book, at least in English.

Hubris: Dr. Barth adjudges Hans Küng "a good Catholic Christian." It is enough to note that only God has any business making quite so categorical a judgment. But, even short of that, Dr. Barth of all people has no competence. The Elks have their rules, and reasonable men know that Elks are the best judges of whether Jones lives up to the code of Elkdom. So when Dr. Barth calls someone a good Catholic Christian, he really means a good liberal Protestant.

NEIL MCCAFFREY,
New Rochelle, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *When papal infallibility was promulgated in 1870, it was taken to apply retroactively to Pius IX's earlier definition of the Immaculate Conception.*

Feast of Delights

AS A NOVEL LOVER who has for some time felt genuinely starved by the kind of fare dished out these days—probably to appeal to the young—I find your reviewer's reservations about Wallace Stegner's wonderful new novel [*SR*, Mar. 20] very difficult to accept. To me, *Angle of Repose* was a veritable feast of delights—a remarkably successful movement backward and forward in time, with characters one cared about, humor, compassion, insight, style.

BESSIE Z. JONES,
Cambridge, Mass.

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European Literary Scene

Robert J. Clements

GRANADA.

Seated high in the Generalife gardens at the Alhambra, and gazing across the plain, I again start wondering where on that broad expanse Lorca lies buried. After thirty-five years his name is still spoken *sotto voce* by the townspeople. At the Seville Book Fair in the palm-protected Plaza Nueva it was good to see volumes by Lorca's spiritual descendants, Ballesteros, Bellido, Sastre, and Ruibal. But the social-minded playwrights in Spain still encounter much the same opposition Lorca had to face; I picked up a brand-new paperback of José Ruibal's *La máquina de pedir* (The Begging Machine) and read in its preface of his impatience with the censorship. "Writing for the theater, one can take two attitudes: to write for or against the public. Benavente wrote for the public of his time, Valle-Inclán against the public of his time.... Today, more than thirty years after his death, who has given more than he? To write against the public is definitely the only way to create something new. For that it is worth the trouble." Lorca shared these feelings: "The public applauds dummy hearts and superficial dialogue." Ruibal's preface continued, "A society lacking a vigorous theater is a society without thought or maturity." Federico had gone further: "A nation that does not help its theater is, if not dead, dying."

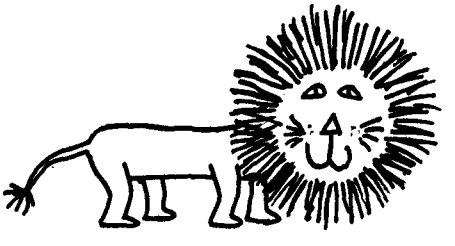
Born of American parents living in Paris, Julian Green is accepted by the French as one of their greatest novelists. As a youth he adopted their language, enlisted in their army in 1918, and converted to their traditional church. Except for three years at the University of Virginia and a stint during World War II with the OWI in Washington, Green has remained French in everything except citizenship. A survivor of the generation of Mauriac and Maurois, he continues in his latest novel, *L'Autre* (Plon), to prove that the old novel can pack as much power as the *nouveau roman*.

L'Autre, Green's first fictional work in a decade, opens with the discovery of a girl's body in a Danish canal, and the remaining pages constitute a flashback. Roger, a horny young Frenchman on the prowl in Copenhagen's Tivoli, meets Karin, somewhat less emancipated and compliant than the other Danish girls. It is the summer of 1939, and Hitler is getting ready to strike. Karin finally capitulates and an affair is begun, but then war breaks out and Roger must return to France. By now Karin has imparted to him some of her spirituality and faith. Twenty years later, Roger comes back to seek Karin out; he finds her a frank sensualist who has had so many affairs with German officers that she is shunned by her countrymen. It is Roger now who is the grave, religious introvert. After a flare-up of passion, he flees from her carnal appeal, and in her abandonment Karin recovers her faith. Whether her drowning in the canal is a suicide is left in doubt. Green has hinted in an interview that "she underwent this death as though she had chosen it. In any case, she attained salvation."

The reflective quality of the book and its *succès d'estime* have already reopened the old question of Green's candidacy to the French Academy. Many Academicians would like to have him as a fellow member, but this is impossible while he retains his American citizenship. He could, of course, have French citizenship for the asking, but he refuses to ask. It is said that the Academy's perpetual secretary is maneuvering to have the President of the Republic offer him French nationality. The question is, how would Green (and Washington) react to that honor?

Wolf Biermann's verse-play *Der Dra-Dra*, published in West Berlin in a paperback volume interspersed with pages of music (Verlag Klaus Wagenbach), is forbidden on the other side of the Wall. A note at the beginning is intended for theater directors in East Berlin: "This dragon-killer play requires directors and actors who don't belong to the dragon's brood." For the dragon is tyranny or repression.

It all started in 1944 when Yevgeny Schvartz's fairy-tale allegory about tyranny was banned from the Leningrad Comedy Theater. East Berlin's Benno Besson tried to revive it, as *Der Drache*, in 1965, with lyrics by Biermann, a ballad-singer and poet regarded with some suspicion by the East German government, which forbade performances of the play with Biermann's songs. So Biermann kept his ballads and rewrote the framework play as *Der Dra-Dra*. The theme remained tyranny, but the people in the play refuse to let hero Hans Folk save them from oppression. Hans kills the dragon, all right, but refuses to kill the governor, who then kills him. Hans is a kind of Wagnerian hero who engages in dialogues with animals in a "social jargon" reminiscent of Orwell. The seven ballads and twenty-two other songs are rich in irony and black humor. The East Berlin authorities who were so fond of Brecht have not forgiven Biermann, Brecht's pupil. Thus this sarcastic stage direction: "Revolutionary artists should therefore not take it on themselves to direct this play against all possible dragons of the world, but will produce it against only their own dragons."



Whatever a writer's intrinsic value, if he commits suicide that fact nearly always encroaches on the final summation of his work. This has been true of writers from Sappho to Yukio Mishima. After Einaudi brought out the complete works of Cesare Pavese a couple of years ago, critical repercussions and reassessments appeared in journals all over Italy. An examination of these "twenty years after" commentaries shows how Pavese's self-immolation in a Turin hotel has proved to be a factor in the interpretation and evaluation of his works.

Of all these comments, Alberto Moravia's ("Suicide as Mythopoesy") is, as might be expected, the most original. Moravia suggests in *Espresso* that, since Pavese could not create a myth for himself through his works, he tried to achieve it through his life, or the taking of that life.

> Compare Hemingway's suicide with that of Pavese. Hemingway's suicide stirs up great pity, but does not solidify into a myth, because Hemingway's work is so much more important than his life and death. We never talk today about Hemingway as an author who killed himself, but as a writer who wrote certain books and then, incidentally, killed himself. The myth to some extent conceals Pavese's work, confusing critics and their readers. For those who need myths more than works Pavese is an ideal author. So in the end one has to admit that the masterpiece of Pavese was his death, that is, an event that, while taking place outside of literature, "continues" literature.

History would seem to indicate that if you are a writer hoping to be remembered for your works and not your life, the safest thing would be just to disappear quietly, like Ambrose Bierce. Or is even that safe?

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DON'T SHOOT—WE ARE YOUR CHILDREN!

by J. Anthony Lukas

Random House, 461 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Robert Cassidy

■ Not often, but often enough to make journalism rewarding, a reporter finds a story that transforms him in some small but meaningful way. It goes without saying that this occurs because good journalism must be about people, and even the most objective reporter will occasionally be drawn into the lives of his subjects.

This is exactly what happened to J. Anthony Lukas, the *New York Times* reporter and correspondent, when he wrote his Pulitzer Prize-winning story on Linda Fitzpatrick, the eighteen-year-old Greenwich, Connecticut, girl who was found murdered with a hippie boy friend in the boiler room of a Greenwich Village tenement in 1967. In his investigation Lukas discovered two vastly different worlds that Linda —and perhaps countless other young people—inhabited: the bourgeois humdrum of the Connecticut suburbs that she despised, and the freak-fantasy-land in the bowels of Manhattan where she ended her all-too-brief flirtation with life. But the real tragedy Lukas uncovered was her family's ignorance of the changes Linda was going through. They never realized how pathetically in need of help she was. This ignorance struck many *Times* readers: "Several mothers told me they had wept when they read the story," Lukas writes, "because they felt they knew equally little about their daughters. Others urged me to tell them how to 'reach' their children. I told them I didn't know; I was just a reporter."

But Lukas set out to learn more about Linda and others of her generation, and the result is *Don't Shoot—We Are Your Children!* The book contains an expanded account of Linda's life and profiles of nine other young people. He chose them because they interested him, not because they represent a cross-section. All, in fact, could be termed radical in either politics or life-style, which leaves the vast part of American youth unchronicled.

—Bill Anderson, Monkmeyer

East Village—a "freak fantasy-land in the bowels of Manhattan."

Nor has Lukas tried to shape his subjects to fit any preconceived theory of the generation gap. Although he spurns psychological theorizing for the most part, Lucas has been influenced by Erik Erikson's statement that "the younger generation makes overt what is covert in the older generation; the child expresses openly what the parent represses." Structurally, the book jumps back and forth between the young people's lives and their parents'. But Lukas has succeeded in treating his subjects as individuals, not stereotypes.

For convenience, however, Lukas names three groups. The "hippies" include Linda; her boy friend, Groovy, a pathetic dropout from the white slums of Rhode Island, and Jim, a freak from the Golden Land of California and the least interesting of the ten. Among the "radicals" are John, an idealist who learned about American imperialism as a Peace Corps volunteer; Sue, a Tennesseean who helped found the Southern Student Organizing Committee; Dave, the son of one-time Communist Party members, and Don, a draft resister from Long Island. Suspended somewhere between the hippies and radicals is Jerry, who turns out to be none other than the Jerry Rubin of Yippie (and Chicago Seven) fame. And, in the third group, the blacks: Roy, a laborer's son who thought he could be happy at Brandeis but who found racism as rampant there as in his native Mississippi, and Johnie, the poet, who flunked out of both Harvard and Stanford, but got an education back in the streets of Watts.

Lukas's best writing is his portrait of Linda. Using italics to create an ironic counterpoint, he juxtaposes her life in the Village against her parents' insistence that she was the sweet little girl they knew in Connecticut.

Of the others, Sue, Johnie, and Don touched me deeply. As Sue became more involved with the civil rights movement in the South, she feared her parents would reject her. She underestimated them: "I realized that they respected me for what I had to do. . . . they made it very clear to me that the family relation would continue. They did warn me from time to time to be careful, but that was because they loved me." Later, while attending her father's funeral, she learns to respect her Southern heritage: "All of a sudden, I was thrown back against my roots in a way I hadn't been for years. I'd been standing outside because I could no longer feel comfortable living in that town. . . . But that week I had to live in it, to experience all the rituals of death in a small Southern community, and to understand that that was my father's life, a part of it, and a part of mine."

Johnie, too, became reconciled to his parents' milieu: "I realized that the slum world gave birth to me. Out of her womb I came. And I came to love her. Maybe she was a bit of a whore, but I didn't like white boys snickering at her. The more I thought about her, the more I preferred her that way."

And Don. I met Donald Baty nearly three years ago, in a Greenwich Village church where he was seeking sanctuary from federal marshals. Three hours after we met, he was whisked away to jail. Later convicted of draft-card burning, he served twenty-two months in federal prisons. I wrote my news story that day, but I could not put Don's real story out of my mind. My own life, troubled as it was by the war and the draft, was too caught up in it. We continue to be friends to this day.

So I sympathize with Mr. Lukas. He has not been persuaded to accept wholesale the values and assumptions of his ten subjects. "But," he concludes, "the experience of examining closely their assumptions has taught me one valuable lesson: the compelling need to constantly re-examine my own."

Robert J. Cassidy, a free-lance writer, was a reporter for the now-defunct Suffolk [L.I.] Sun.

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DIANA:
The Making of a Terrorist

by Thomas Powers

Houghton Mifflin, 225 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Fred J. Cook

■ She was a girl who had everything. One of her great-grandfathers had established the first hospital to treat alcoholism successfully as a disease; another had founded the Boy Scouts of America. Her father was probably the first citizen of Dwight, Illinois: he was vice president of the family bank, proprietor of a successful restaurant, owner of thousands of acres of rich farmland and other properties. She was Diana Oughton, considered "the prize" among the four daughters in the family—and she became a revolutionary, joined the Weathermen, and died with two of her male conspirators when the bombs they were making exploded and destroyed a Greenwich Village town house on March 6, 1970.

Why? How did it happen? Diana Oughton was sensitive, warm-hearted; she had qualities that should have made her one of our best—and they turned her instead into one who hated our society so fiercely she wanted only to destroy it. Thomas Powers, in this excellent and soberly researched book, tries to piece together the puzzling psychological strands of the paradox and explain how Diana—and others like her—came to embrace what he accurately calls "the fantasy of revolution."

At some risk of oversimplification, it is nevertheless safe to say that in Diana Oughton, as in others, emotions came to rule the brain. From earliest childhood she was possessed by deep feelings of guilt about her own favored status. Classmates sometimes taunted her by calling her "Miss Moneybags." When she was only six she asked her nanny, "Why do we have to be rich?" When family money problems forced a girl friend to move away, she went to her father in tears and asked, "Why can't we be ordinary like them?" When she got good marks in school, she wondered if she was being favored because several of her teachers rented houses from her father. Her weakness was an abnormal sensitivity, and she seems to have borne all her life the cross of having too much.

Two years in Guatemala teaching impoverished Indians to read as part of a Quaker-sponsored program intensified this poor-rich dichotomy. She identified completely with the people, refused an allowance from her family, tried to live on the pittance the Quakers allotted her, and became so moved by the abysmal poverty of Guatemalans that she felt shame at being a rich American.

Back home, her heart had already been moved by the plight of Philadelphia's Negro ghetto kids whom she tried to teach to read. And she became ever more alienated because old family friends appeared so insensitive. Dwight, when she returned to it, seemed like a complacent and indifferent backwater, not knowing and not caring about the world it was a part of.

Diana Oughton's problem was complicated by her proclivity for falling for the wrong men. They were, as a type, much like herself, with emotion ruling reason, glib phrases of violence increasingly substituting for thought. When she brought some of them home to Dwight, her parents tried to find out what they had in mind. How did they intend to change the nation? What programs did they have? Such questions brought ridicule, not answers. Their goal was to tear down what they had come to hate, with no thought of what might arise from the rubble.

Thomas Powers, in telling this story, not only traces the transformation of Diana Oughton from "the prize girl" of her family into a completely alienated revolutionary; he details, too, the steady radicalization of Students for a Democratic Society. Pivotal were the disastrous events of 1968—the assassinations, the brutal beating by Chicago police of Senator Eugene McCarthy's youthful supporters who had tried to work within the system. To many already rebelling, such developments seemed to say that violence was the only answer and, indeed, a moral imperative. Powers shows how this adoption of violence for its own sake steadily eroded SDS. It had attracted mass backing in a principled protest at Columbia University in 1968; it could never again rally such support.

This is a development as old as the nation, for in America, wedded to a democratic system, violence has always been self-defeating. It is one of the tragedies of our time that the relatively small cadre of highly motivated rebels could not understand this, but came to embrace the fantasy that by violent action they could precipitate revolution, if not today then tomorrow. It was a delusion that brought Diana Oughton to her tragic end in the Greenwich Village town house, and Thomas Powers's moving reconstruction of her life leaves us with our own burden of infinite sorrow that so much that could have been so fine was so pitifully wasted.

Fred J. Cook's latest book, "The Nightmare Decade," will be published in June.

"Excuse me, miss, I have a wonderful feeling we were meant for each other."

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THE WRITINGS OF J. M. SYNGE

by Robin Skelton

Bobbs-Merrill, 190 pp., $8

J. M. SYNGE AND HIS WORLD

by Robin Skelton

Viking, 144 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Sean Callery

■ The simultaneous publication of a critical study of the writings of J. M. Synge and a volume that is a species of biography occurred on the centennial anniversary of his birth (April 16, 1871). It is curious that one of Ireland's least understood writers and least "Irish," in the vernacular sense, should engage the interest of critics and connoisseurs of the drama outside Ireland, where productions of his plays are a commonplace in both the commercial and the flourishing amateur theater.

Many of Synge's most ardent admirers have not had the opportunity to see his works performed except in earnest, scholarly productions offered on a college campus or in some obscure studio. These productions, in my experience, are almost without exception marred by the arid hand of the academicians, who revere a play's reputation as a "classic" without ever understanding the vital impulse that inspired it. Unlike many of his literary countrymen, notably Sean O'Casey, Synge did not often state his precise social, religious, or political beliefs, either in his work or to journalists. It is therefore likely that the beauty and power of his plays are responsible for their celebrity among people who know nothing of the author's intentions.

Robin Skelton's critical essays delve into Synge's major plays, essays, and poetry. *The Well of the Saints, The Tinker's Wedding, The Playboy of the Western World,* and other plays are examined in separate chapters as entities and in relation to the whole body of his work. Skelton believes that Synge's feelings toward the Irish peasantry are basically ambivalent. On the one hand, Synge finds in the people of rural Ireland a *noblesse* and personal dignity that have disappeared in modern industrialized and brutalized Europe. On the other, he is aware that "poverty of spirit is the disease . . . all Ireland must recognize." In the section on *The Playboy of the Western World* Skelton observes that "Societies get the leaders they deserve, and [the drama's hero] Christy Mahon is more fitted for Mayo than Christ Messiah, but even Christy is betrayed." At the same time, Skelton suggests that Christy is idealized by the populace because in murdering his father he has symbolically destroyed the Catholic Church and the ruling landlord class, the twin oppressors of the Irish spirit and body.

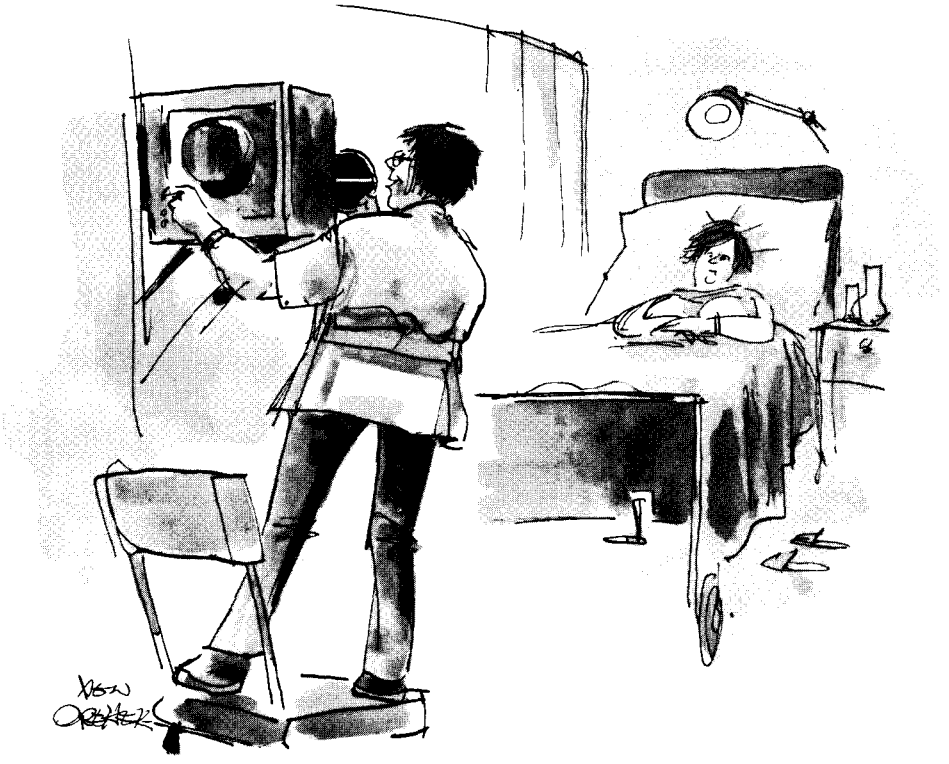
This debatable interpretation is shared by many critics. I maintain that the realistic aspects of *Playboy* and of *Riders to the Sea* have been minimized in seeking motivation and meaning beyond stage portraiture.

The Synge plays were produced and published before the vogue of Jung, and predated general knowledge of the research by Irish and Scandinavian scholars at the University of Uppsala in Sweden, who ferreted out and examined the common roots of Irish and Scandinavian mythology in the sagas of the Vikings. Clearly, Synge thought in terms of archetype, and there are echos of Greek tragedy and other classical sources in his best work. Similarly, the Irish politics of his time had marked influence on his writings. I would like to submit, however, that it was his candid, unsentimental rendering of the Irish peasant that scandalized the Irish bourgeoisie at its first presentation. But the playwright's ironic, often far from affectionate look at these people is rarely reflected in most contemporary non-Irish productions of these plays.

Widow Quin of *Playboy* complacently states that she "destroyed her man," and the grieving mother of *Riders to the Sea,* at the moment of high tragedy when she is standing over the corpse of her drowned last son, takes a certain amount of satisfaction in the thought that the other women of the village will still have to worry about their men when there's a high wind and an angry sea. This point of view, a special kind of malice, is present at many moments in Synge's finest work. The atmosphere is largely ignored by theatrical producers (outside Ireland), who would seem to be so overcome by the flood of beautiful language that the essentially sadistic and destructive attitude of many of the characters escapes them.

The Writings of J. M. Synge is an admirable and painstaking inquiry into the milieu and an evaluation of the work of a master poet-dramatist. Of particular value to the scholar and those interested in the craft of the theater are the many comparisons of various versions of the plays which were altered and extensively revised before Synge regarded them as completed.

Mr. Skelton's companion piece to the critical study is a long and lavishly illustrated essay on the relationship between Synge's background and life and his literary output. *J. M. Synge and His World* contains sketches of nearly every important Irish literary and political figure of the time. Yeats, Joyce, Edward Martyn, A.E., Lady Gregory, and others are presented in revealing and perceptive fashion.



"You're in luck . . . I worked my way through med school as a TV repairman."

Sean Callery has written reviews and articles for SR, Commonweal, the Washington Post, and numerous British and Irish publications.

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BRENDAN

by Ulick O'Connor

Prentice-Hall, 328 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Tom MacIntyre

■ The rise and fall of Brendan Behan —it is a story, like many Irish stories, at once harrowing and exhilarating. Basically, it is a story of crime—surrender to the media—and awesomely swift punishment. It is also, of course, a story of eloquence, of plays, poems, and stories that display a tremendous range of feeling and extraordinary energy. In Behan's contrasting attributes one may trace Dublin's lineaments, and, indeed, Ireland's. Ulick O'Connor, a Dubliner, knows the ground, and his commentary has the note of authority. It is hard to conceive of a non-Irish biographer getting into many areas of the subject as confidently as he does here.

The Behan household was rich in culture. The children grew up on English literature, and were, from the cradle, intimately familiar with Irish history and the best of Irish song in English and in Gaelic. They seemed destined to have, and did have, a strong sense of nationality. There was in Brendan, even as a child (an astonishingly precocious one, not surprisingly), a fractious insistence on having the center of the stage. When he made it as a writer, and the problem of handling success arose, it was surely that exhibitionism which allowed him to grant the media men everything they desired and, usually, much more. Implicit in that capitulation was a dismissal of the tradition which had shaped the best of him. Behan's guilt was, on the evidence here, enormous. Interestingly, in the closing months of his life he came back home in the deepest sense. His closest companions were the men with whom he had soldiered in the IRA.

What of the work? Ulick O'Connor is thoroughgoing in his approach here, and few will dispute his verdicts. *The Quare Fellow*—superb, and *Borstal Boy* also; *The Hostage*—more Joan Littlewood than Behan, and unhappily so; the taped books—odd marvels to be found in them even if they are vitiated by Behan's growing fatigue and ill health; the Gaelic poems—indubitably impressive, delicate and vigorous by turns, always vulnerable. One of the finest things in this biography is O'Connor's sensitive exploration of the Behan who

—*Daniel Farson, courtesy Radio Times Hulton Picture Library*

Brendan Behan—since his cradle days intimately familiar with Irish song.

spoke fluent Gaelic, who loved and was loved by the people of remote Gaelic-speaking areas of Galway and Kerry, who could quote a Gaelic eighteenth-century poet as readily as he could quote Shaw or Wilde. In this context the thought surfaces that perhaps that's what Behan essentially was—a poet out of eighteenth-century Ireland who had to battle with twentieth-century temptations.

What did Ireland herself make of Behan? Dublin loved him, and the lost Ireland mentioned above, the people of the far corners of Galway and Kerry, loved him. The rest of Ireland hated him as only the Irish can hate. A sigh of relief from the middle class was audible in Glasnevin as he was laid to rest. It had lost its battle with Behan, however, for he gave Ireland's puritanism a lambasting from which it is most unlikely to recover. He altered, and is today altering, the Irish sensibility—a real measure of his force as an artist, and also a pointer to his position as a writer in the center of the Irish tradition, central, above all, in his affirmation, central in his delight in the verbal frolic, and central in his essentially contemplative quality, for all the noise going on. Brendan Behan was a great storyteller because he had brooded long enough to know where the great stories lay.

Tom MacIntyre is the author of two works of fiction, "The Charollais," a novel, and "Dance the Dance," a short-story collection, both issued in Britain. His third book, "A Diary of the Dublin Arms Trial," will be published shortly.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 f, 2g, 3 l, 4k, 5j, 6i, 7c, 8d, 9a, 10 b, 11 e, 12h.

BRING US TOGETHER: The Nixon Team and the Civil Rights Retreat

by Leon E. Panetta and Peter Gall

Lippincott, 380 pp., $6.95

DECISION

by Richard Harris

Dutton, 220 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Herbert Mitgang

■ Having won election by a thin margin in 1968, the Nixon administration has displayed but one consistent trait: beneath every foreign and national decision—if you look under the woodwork and pick up the slimiest rocks—is the overriding aim of outflanking political enemies and winning the election in 1972. Running for President is Mr. Nixon's principal activity in office as well as out; being President is merely a detail.

If Nixon can equate loyalty to the war of the absurd in Vietnam with the political future of his administration—as he did in his April speech to the nation about the success of the Laos adventure—words and deeds, in domestic matters can be considered even more political. After all, the millions of Vietnamese, Laotian, and Cambodian refugees generated in the last two years of "winding down the war" will not go to polling booths in the United States in 1972.

These matters are exposed in two books about how the Nixon spear-carriers wage war on political foes. *Bring Us Together*, by Leon E. Panetta and Peter Gall, is an insiders' description of the Nixon administration's retreat from civil rights. Mr. Panetta served as director of the Health, Education and Welfare Department's Office for Civil Rights until he was chopped down for trying to follow the law of the land. *Decision*, by Richard Harris, is a detailed account of the Nixon-Mitchell attempt to put a racist hack, G. Harrold Carswell, on the Supreme Court.

Bring Us Together might have been subtitled "The Castration of a Liberal Republican Trying to Work Within the Nixon Administration." An air of naïveté pervades Panetta's story; he seems overly surprised when H.E.W. Secretary Finch caves in under pressure from his good friend in the White House. Everyone claims to be in favor of enforcing the civil rights laws until Strom Thurmond wags his pinkie. "I could hardly believe it," the author says, again and again, and the reader wants to shout back, "You better believe it!"

The hard kernel of the book can be

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found in a remark by Nixon's counselor, John Ehrlichman, about a civil rights effort to enforce equal employment opportunities in South Carolina: "Well, haven't we got some pressure on this from Thurmond? You know, the blacks aren't where our votes are."

Decision affords a good occasion to say, first of all, that Richard Harris is one of the two or three finest investigative reporters in the United States. His studies of crime, justice, and the giveaways behind the passage of certain laws provide case histories of Washington's horror show in the last decade.

He sets up his political canvas with a broad stroke:

> Of all the actions that President Richard Nixon took during his first two years in office, probably none more clearly revealed the character of his Presidency—the regional and class appeals that divided the nation, the disregard for the Constitutional separation of powers, the embittered relations between the administration and the Senate, the apparent confidence that the people would sleep through even the noisiest raid on their liberties, and the belief that members of Congress could be counted on to put their own political interest above the public interest—than his nomination of George Harrold Carswell, of Florida, to be an associate justice of the Supreme Court.

What follows is a play-by-play narrative of villainy and cynicism defeated by publicity and courage. The Nixon administration literally tried to "buy" the judgeship by expending tens of millions of dollars in promised—and in some instances delivered—pork barrel projects in return for wavering Senatorial votes. Not only that; the administration was also trying to rub the Senate's nose in the mess it had made of the nomination and rejection of Judge Clement F. Haynsworth. One Senator who finally voted against Carswell said that the Justice Department made it clear the choice of a third-rate Southerner was an act of vengeance, an effort to downgrade the Supreme Court, and a step toward implementing the Southern strategy of vote-getting in 1972.

Among those disturbed by the blatant politics was Senator Birch Bayh of Indiana, who joined forces with a small group of liberals to expose the Carswell record and obtain public support for a counterattack. The record revealed Carswell to be a racist on and off the bench, a jurist with a record of reversed decisions, and an individual sadly lacking in awareness of the United States beyond his Florida country club. Harris builds his story suspensefully, showing the efforts of the White House to call in its credit with weak Senators and the means other Senators used to persuade them to resist the pressure.

The administration's Zasu Pitts, Martha Mitchell, turned on her hair-curler charm in midnight calls to the Arkansas *Gazette* to "get" Senator Fulbright. White House messenger boys, such as Bryce Harlow, passed the word that Margaret Chase Smith's vote was in the bag. Senator Hruska, the ignoble Roman, declared in a marvelous blooper that since there are a lot of mediocre Americans, shouldn't they be represented by one of their own on the Supreme Court? These and similar maneuvers boomeranged in the final vote.

A lasting friction was created between the President and the Congress over the Carswell nomination. Nixon took it as a "vicious assault" and an act of "regional discrimination," turning it into the seventh of his many seventh crises—and snatching new defeat from the jaws of defeat. Senators were deeply shocked that the President could so have misread the mood of the country.

Decision is the best primer written so far on Richard Nixon's motivations. By spreading the alarm in ringing words Mr. Harris displays genuine patriotism.

Herbert Mitgang is a member of the editorial board of The New York Times and the author of several books on American politics and history, including a new three-volume study, "Lincoln's Long Shadow."

WIT TWISTER #215

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The vast _ _ _ _ emptied;
great bells pealed.

_ _ _ _ climbed the high
church steeple.

He put the _ _ _ _ in place,
then reeled,

And fell to death among his people.

—A. S.

(*Answer on page* 65)

Vonnegut

Continued from page 32

be at loose ends and getting into trouble. . . .") At his best, powered by the pressure of his own astonishment at the spectacle of the moral gymnastics of contemporary compartmentalized man, the creature who invariably "serves evil too openly and good too secretly," Vonnegut is a potent satirist, with a fine eye for the self-deceit built into mod vocabularies of altruism.

But at certain moments in the history of letters the nature of a writer's best or worst self in literary terms matters less than the function the man performs for his primary audience. The present is one of those times—and the function performed by Vonnegut isn't negligible. It is, as indicated, that of articulating the blackest suspicions of a skeptical, cynical generation without running on into orgies of hate or ironical partisanship of evil. Vonnegut's fictional world is often formally incoherent, a mix of jokebook turns, fantasies, cartoon and sermonical bits, Luddite posturings, outcries against cruelty and greed. Lax, rambling, muzzy, sad-eyed, Beatle-toned, sticky at intervals, the writer can be damned as soft at his center, self-advertising in his proclaimed vulnerability to pain and suffering, deeply *un*fascinated by anything difficult.

But viciousness has no dominion over him, and this makes the considerable difference. The author of *Mother Night* may dream of black comedy, but kindness keeps breaking in—there and everywhere else. The man of despair hums on about the profound wretchedness of men and things, but always he's challenged by the inventor inside him, a fabulist in love with images of goodness, generosity, hope, and forever on the verge of declaiming, flat out, with no embarrassment whatever, that, dammit, men and things ought to be—*could be*—infinitely better than they are. The results, viewed "esthetically," aren't uniformly exhilarating: both art and intellect vanish periodically; bull-session simplisms often mound up and drift.

But, to repeat, the work as a whole does serve a function. Its unbrutal laughter is a surcease from high-fashion meanness and knowingness, a patch of dry land on which, by pumping a little more breath into "silly," "innocent" faith in love, moral aspiration can avoid killing itself off prematurely. Say it out straight: on balance, the kids' lighting on Kurt Vonnegut is an undeservedly good break for the age.

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THE DRIFTERS

by James A. Michener

Random House, 751 pp., $10

Reviewed by David W. McCullough

■ With all the zeal of the Reverend Alfred Davidson discovering Sadie Thompson, James A. Michener has discovered youth. His new novel, which follows the careers of six highly individualistic young people as they drift through Spain, Portugal, and various spots in Africa, is undeniably earnest. There is no doubt that Mr. Michener is eager to understand his wanderers (whom he compares to medieval pilgrims and to knights on holy crusade) and explain them to his readers.

And explain and explain and explain he does. Although the earnestness and the zeal exert a considerable power, *The Drifters* is frequently clumsy, long-winded, preachy, and not a little logy.

Joe is a California college boy of the cleanest cut who cannot stomach the Indochina war and is running from his draft board. Gretchen is the daughter of one of the most gracious families in Cambridge, Massachusetts; her belief in America was frightened out of her in a police station during the aftermath of the 1968 Democratic Convention. Cato is a street-wise young black from the Philadelphia slums who saw his chance to escape and took it. Britta grew up listening through the endless Norwegian winter nights to her father dream of Ceylon, a land he knew only from picture books and that most improbable opera *The Pearl Fishers*. Monica, daughter of a knighted British colonial officer, was expelled from one of the new African republics when she took up with a native official. Yigal, a young Israeli hero who won headlines during the Six-Day War, has two legal names and a choice of nationalities. It is hardly a typical collection. All are unusually good-looking; all, with the possible exception of Monica, are unusually idealistic; all are free from financial worries (even Cato has a benefactor, who maintains a Dickensian anonymity).

The young people are not the only wanderers in the novel. The narrator, a sixty-one-year-old man named Fairbanks, who is a combination of Mary Worth and Daddy Warbucks, has an amazing knack for turning up at remote backwaters just in time to help the plot along.

One suspects that Mr. Michener sees his readers as the parents of the young people he is writing about. The various quests he describes so laboriously turn out to be simply phases the children are passing through—rather dangerous

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phases, perhaps, but those who survive will be better people for having had to "inspect their dreams."

The Drifters is something of a guidebook loosely dressed up as fiction: a guide to quaint and colorful places, especially on the Iberian peninsula, and to the life-styles of the rebellious young. Mr. Michener has written better about both: in *Iberia*, published in 1968, and in the recent *What Happened at Kent State.*

David W. McCullough is an editor with a New York publishing firm.

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MISS JANE PITTMAN

by Ernest J. Gaines

Dial, 244 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Philip L. Gerber

■ In William Faulkner's "Raid" emancipated slaves crowd a dirt road whose dust does not settle for two days as the vast horde marches by, "going to cross Jordan." Ernest J. Gaines's new novel opens upon this same moment. The slave girl Ticey was less than ten years old when her "Secesh" masters rode off, expecting to kill themselves a few Yankees and then strike for home, as if war were an easy day's work. The slaves' rudimentary grasp of freedom is no less romantic. Upon hearing the "Proclamation papers," Ticey throws down her field hoe with the others and asks but one question: "Where North at? Point to it."

Ticey's goal is Ohio, home state of a Yankee corporal who gave her the freedom name of Jane. With a few apples and potatoes wrapped in her extra clothes, she joins the impetuous band escaping bondage "like freedom was a place coming to meet them halfway." The refugees are ambushed by white-trash patrollers. Only the girl and Ned, a child of three or four, survive. Navigating by night through the bayou country, they learn the hazards of their new estate. "Before now," Old Unc Isom had pointed out prior to their departure, "they didn't kill you because you was somebody chattel. Now you ain't owned by nobody but fate. Nobody to protect you now, little Ticey." Ticey-Jane has relinquished slavery's bed and board, and now she is stranded "right in the middle of Luzana." She gives up her dream of reaching Ohio and takes a low-paid job on a plantation.

But Jane's desire for independence, never stifled entirely, finds an outlet in shaping a black messiah, "the One" who might someday regroup the army for its march to Jordan. Her first candidate is the orphan Ned; he is cut down in 1900 for preaching racial pride to the cowed blacks of "Luzana."

In the early 1960s, at the age of 109, Jane risks her home on Samson Plantation to support a new "the One," who has called a demonstration against segregated drinking facilities in nearby Bayonne. That her age has made her an influence among her fellows comes as a revelation: "The number of people I saw coming toward me was something I never would 'a' dreamed of. I wouldn't have believed nobody if he had told me this could happen."

This imaginary autobiography marks a new departure for Gaines, who in his previous stories and novels has confined himself to the modern era. Comparisons with Faulkner, though unfair, are unavoidable, for Gaines appears to be carving a similar fictional territory for himself. Gaines country lies across the Mississippi from Yoknapatawpha, and its history occupies the same time-span. Himself a son of the plantation, Gaines understands his people and knows their history. His command of the Louisiana black and Cajun dialects is masterful. But Gaines's strongest advantage is a controlling sense of art. With anger scarring the work of so many young black writers, it is encouraging to come upon one whose feelings, while no less intense, are constrained by disciplined craftsmanship.

A long history is compressed here, from the Reconstruction era and the KKK through the Huey Long years to Rosa Parks and Martin Luther King, and many of the characters and stories would themselves sustain a novel. They enter now only peripherally, as they touch episodes in Miss Jane's long life. One anticipates that Gaines may intend further exploration of the troubled century on which this engrossing and truthful novel opens a door.

Philip L. Gerber, who teaches English at the State University of New York at Brockport, is writing a study of Theodore Dreiser and "The Financier."

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1448

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1448 will be found in the next issue.

FAJO QUNUODWEDXJ E UQUW

JUU ZAAYUG UXAPNS ZEYU

OSUEW KAAG OA HU LZDJJUG

DJ LDXXEHDZJ.

—KEXZUR IUOUW GPXXU

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1447

A friend who is very near and dear may in time become as useless as a relative.

—ADE.

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THE INNOCENT AND THE GUILTY, by Sylvia Townsend Warner *(Viking, 135 pp., $5.95)*; **SHE KNEW SHE WAS RIGHT, by Ivy Litvinov** *(Viking, 247 pp., $6.95)*; **NIGHTLINES, by John McGahern;** *(Atlantic-Little, Brown, 167 pp., $4.95)*; **THE LAND OF LOST CONTENT, by Robert Phillips** *(Vanguard, 189 pp., $5.95)*; **BABY PERPETUA, by Millicent Dillon** *(Viking, 147 pp., $5.95)*; **THE PERISHING REPUBLIC, by Jerome Bahr** *(Trempealeau Press, 147 pp., $5.95)*; **AFTERNOON IN THE JUNGLE, by Albert Maltz** *(Liveright, 218 pp., $5.95)*; **THE LONESOME GAME, by Winston Weathers** *(David Lewis, 139 pp., $5.95)*

Reviewed by Robert Emmet Long

■ Sylvia Townsend Warner, who is now in her late seventies, has had a long, distinguished career. Her stories practically glisten with craftmanship, and her imagination has a quality of urbanity that is present in all the tales in *The Innocent and the Guilty*, regardless of how different the scenes and characters are.

In "The Perfect Setting" Miss Warner has an opportunity for satire on manners and social types. To the garden of the late poet Oswald Corbett come a number of admirers, including Mrs. Bugler, who has gone through Corbett's manuscripts examining every watermark; Father Garment, S. J., who has discovered a latent Catholicism in Corbett's "Three Odes to Ovid," and Professor Mackenzie, who has translated Corbett's poems into Lallan. Another devotee wants to tape-record the owls in the garden. But the principal seeker is a journalist named Bannerman, whose interest in Corbett has to do with sales. The situation that develops between Bannerman and Corbett's widow is observed with a wry irony and understatement. The same is true of "Bruno," in which a well-to-do Scottish gentleman in his sixties returns to settle in at his family estate with a nineteen-year-old companion named Bruno, " a lissome hearthrug cat." The social complications that result lead to a farcical *dénouement*.

Yet Miss Warner's sophistication operates at almost any level. In "But at the Stroke of Midnight" drab Lucy Ridpath leaves her husband and takes on the identity of a frivolous cousin who has recently died. The reader is caught up in her experience, and yet looks on helplessly, restrained by the author's detachment. "The Quality of Mercy," about an alcoholic middle-

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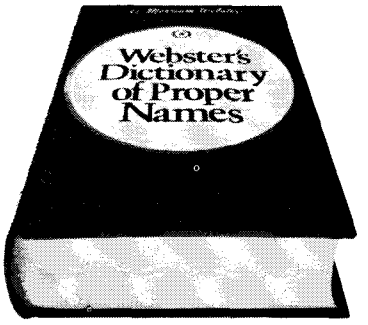

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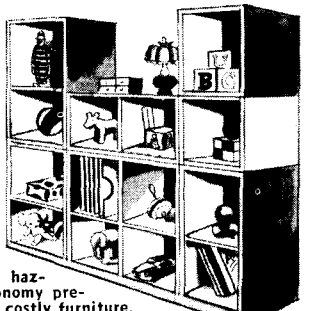

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aged woman, is already a classic and will probably be included in anthologies for years to come.

The fiction of Ivy Litvinov is less subtle than Miss Warner's, and some of her stories are imperfectly achieved; but she is nevertheless an engaging writer. *She Knew She Was Right* contains twelve stories drawn from a life that has indeed been unusual. The author, an Englishwoman, married Maxim Litvinov, who served as the Soviet Union's Foreign Minister (1930-1939) and Ambassador to the United States (1941-1943). Now a widow, she still lives in Moscow. The title story recounts her widowed mother's choice of a second husband. She selects the less likely and less successful of two suitors: "He was small, had a squeaky voice, and told unfunny stories, choking with laughter, to grave faces, compelling attention with the bore's uplifted finger." By the time of "Call It Love" the autobiographical narrator, who has grown into her teens, works as a stenographer and reads novels. She meets a forty-year-old exiled Russian revolutionary, and they are married in February 1917. Within a month the Revolution breaks out, and she accompanies him to Russia. The stories that follow, set in Russia, and among the best in the collection, suggest a marriage that, while happy, left the wife unfulfilled.

The pervading tone of John McGahern's *Nightlines* is bittersweet disillusionment, expressed in the introductory story, "Wheels" (about a meeting between an estranged father and son), in the form of a coda:

> I walked through the open carriages. There was nobody I knew. Through the windows the fields of stone walls, blue roofs of Carrick, Shannon river. Sing for them once First Communion Day *O River Shannon flowing and a four-leaved shamrock growing* silver medal on the blue suit and white ankle socks in new shoes. The farther flows the river the muddier the water: the light was brighter on its upper reaches. Rustle of the boat through the bullrushes as we went to Moran's well for springwater in dry summers, cool of watercress and bitterness of the wild cherries shaken out of the white-thorn hedge, black bullrush seed floating in the gallons on the floorboards, all the vivid sections of the wheel we watched so slowly turn, impatient for the rich whole that never came but that all the preparations promised.

This passage seems indebted to Joyce, but the indebtedness goes beyond style to a sense of the Irish people and the way they talk. Many of McGahern's stories are set among the country poor, who reveal human nature at its bitterest. In "Korea" a father tries to persuade his son to go to America for "a better chance in life," but really in the expectation that he will be called up by the U.S. Army and sent to Korea, in which case the father would collect monthly allotments—and $10,000 in insurance if his boy were killed. Some of the other tales have to do with sexual experiences, particularly with the discovery of sex by a young boy—luridly in "Lavin," whose title character is a laborer "with black stumps of teeth." McGahern's stories are lean, taut, and lacerating; perhaps no one writing today can command idiomatic Irish with such savage effect.

In contrast with these books, the collections of short fiction by American authors seem tentative. The most notable, it seems to me, is Robert Phillips's *The Land of Lost Content*, which comprises fifteen related stories about present or former inhabitants of Public Landing, an Eastern Shore community some 100 miles below the Mason-Dixon line and apparently based on Phillips's boyhood home in Sussex County, Delaware. A prologue called "The Happy Highway" introduces us to the area: the dreary stretches of flat, sandy fields and chicken farms; the crumbling colonial estates along the highway that have been converted into neon-lighted "fudge palaces"; the revival camp on the outskirts of town; the Baptist Church with its spire surmounted by an angel, lavishly illuminated at night; the fertilizer plant of "Mr. Sam," a local tycoon vigilant in keeping new industry out and wages down; the Bijou theater, with its balcony divided down the middle by a plywood wall—one half for white patrons, the other for blacks. It also appears that Public Landing has a scandalously high rate of alcoholism. Bleak as this community is (H. L. Mencken would have loved and applauded Phillips's depiction of the aridities of the New South), it is only a foretaste of the barren lives of its citizens.

Take, for example, Mr. Sam's widow ("A Lady of Fashion"), whose pathetic attempts to retain her youth end in painful self-recognition. Take Fulton Oldfield ("The Angel of the Church"), whose dignity conceals an inner sordidness, or the wife in "The Death of a Good Man," whose illusions about her

". . . On the contrary. I can't help thinking Wagner might have liked it."

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husband are cruelly dispelled at his funeral. Other characters are outright grotesques—Nathan Fooks in "Obsession," Nora Lee in "The Lost Child." Phillips's characters grapple with destinies that are too much for them. He looks on with detachment, at times even with mocking amusement. One wonders which side of Phillips will prevail in the novel about Public Landing that he has completed but not yet published—the observer or the satirist.

Satire is also present in Millicent Dillon's *Baby Perpetua* and Jerome Bahr's *The Perishing Republic*. Literary workshops have been targets for writers before, but Miss Dillon brings a new zest to the subject; she is delightfully preposterous. In the long, extremely engaging title story the central figure is a young woman working on a "novellic poem" called "The New Metaphysical Being of Old New Jersey." At a writers' workshop she meets Lowry, who is America's "fifth best poet." Others in the group include Alyssa Hess, who makes movies of herself running naked while she reads her own verse, and Doug Malan, on whom the protagonist has a schoolgirl crush (she leaves a note saying "Help me" on the windshield of his car before flushing her manuscript down the toilet). Unfortunately, the other stories in the volume fall far below this giddy triumph.

Jerome Bahr's work is low-keyed, understated, and, at times, devasting. *The Perishing Republic* is part of a cycle of stories about contemporary America, and the ones included in this volume are interrelated. The most frequent settings are government military bases and the Pentagon, where careers are irrationally thwarted. Some of the finest pieces deal with army officers who are symbolically castrated by their ferocious women.

Albert Maltz in *Afternoon in the Jungle* writes about the working class, and a substantial part of the book is addressed to social protest. A number of the selections were written during the Depression. Of these, the title story, about a struggle between a boy and an unemployed man for a coin at the bottom of a grating, is a classic of its kind.

By contrast, Winston Weathers writes about the longings of the heart in *The Lonesome Game*. His protagonists, who are male and fragile and homoerotic in temperament, seem indistinguishable, and verge on an elaborate self-pity. Yet three of the stories —"Metaphysical Music," "St. Stephen's Green," and "The Matador"—are haunting and beautifully achieved.

Robert Emmet Long is an assistant professor of English at Queens College, New York.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Youth Served and Observed

EVER SINCE THE phenomenally successful *Woodstock*, the movie companies have been looking to other rock festivals for similar windfalls. Actually, what they have in mind is a two-way parlay—income not only from the picture itself but also from the recordings that inevitably derive from it (and are often more lucrative than the film). *Woodstock* set the pattern. The vibes were good there, and the film-makers were able to show, through intricate multiple images on the screen, the heightened rapport between performers and audience. The vibes were less good at Altamont, and *Gimme Shelter* recorded that debacle with a shocking intensity. In both instances, however, there was the desire to reach beyond the several hundred thousand kids who attended these festivals and to re-create the experience, whether good or ill, for the millions unable to attend.

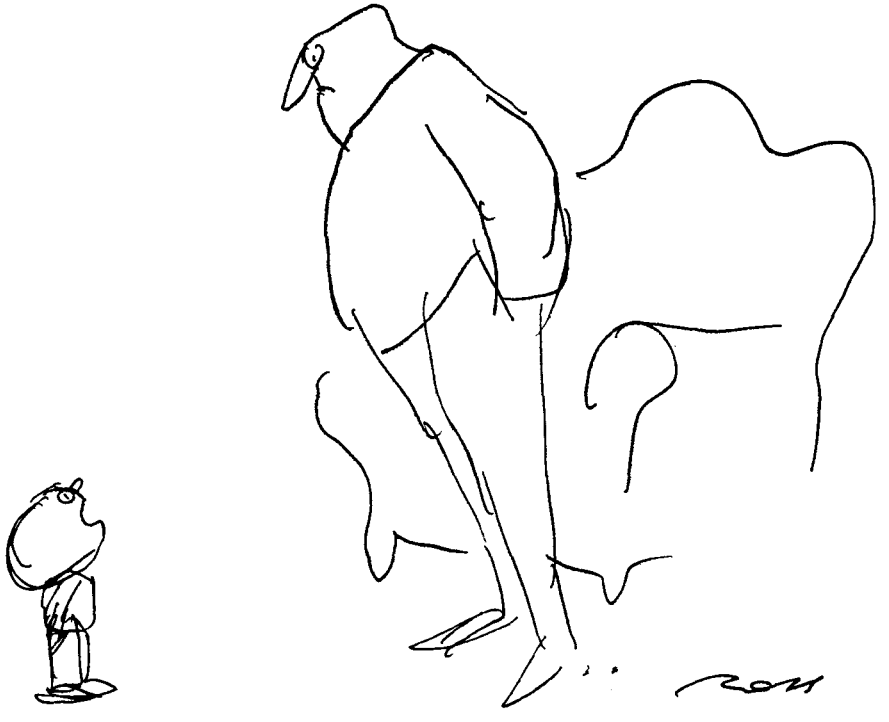
The vibes were also good at Big Sur two summers ago, when Joan Baez and such friends as Joni Mitchell, Dorothy Morrison, John Sebastian, and Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young joined together in a two-day folk song festival held at Esalen, on the very brink of the Pacific Ocean. Its purpose was to raise funds for Miss Baez's Institute for the Study of Non-Violence, and all profits from the resultant picture, *Celebration at Big Sur*, will accrue to that worthy cause as well. Unlike the creators of *Woodstock*, the film-makers were not supplied with tons of high-fidelity equipment to create spectacular, multi-channeled sound; nor was there at Big Sur the type of angry confrontation that provided a dramatic climax to *Gimme Shelter*, although, ironically, Baird Bryant, who photographed most of *Celebration*, was also the cameraman who recorded the fatal knifing at Altamont.

Instead, *Celebration* is dominated—appropriately enough—by the cool, compassionate charm of Joan Baez, with her flashing smile and her clear, flute-like voice. It is as if she were giving a party, and the audience and the performers are equally her friends. A lovely sense of informality pervades the film, as when she leads her cast in single file through the audience and up onto the stage, or joins with them in what is obviously an impromptu song fest. And the surrounding performers seem to take their cue from her, singing with a directness and simplicity that are wholly infectious. As assembled by Baird Bryant and Johanna Demetrakas, the film is more than a record of a celebration—it is a cause for celebration.

On the other hand, *Mad Dogs & Englishmen*, for all its four-track stereo sound and frenzied use of split-screen techniques, comes off as a relatively unsatisfying experience. Put together to accompany (or to promote) Joe Cocker's LP of the same name, it follows the dynamic English soul singer and a company of forty-two on a whirlwind tour that began in New York's Fillmore East and wound up, almost two months later, at a jam-packed auditorium in Santa Monica. Cocker gives of himself prodigiously in performance, sweating, stamping, gyrating spastically as he forces his songs from his very gut. But the film, directed by Pierre Adidge, conveys neither the electricity of a live presentation nor the intensity of his recordings. Rather, the extreme use of multiple images seems to dissipate the urgency of Cocker's music with random, repetitious, or irrelevant shots. And you have no idea how irritating such random, repetitious, or irrelevant shots can become until you have seen all two hours of *Mad Dogs & Englishmen*.

Obviously, these films are intended primarily to serve the youth market in its unflagging search for new rock and folk personalities. With this market so firmly in mind, the studios are also turning out vast numbers of films *about* youth—or, at least, about their concepts of youth as seen from the perspective of middle age. *Making It*, written by Peter Bart from a novel by James Leigh, is a fairish sample of this approach, with its accent on the enviable sexual prowess of its teen-aged hero (attractively played by Kristoffer Tabori), and with what seem to be wistful glances at drug-culture permissiveness. But if youth can have its day—and young Tabori makes it a field day—more traditional values must at last win out, which is here rather tastelessly accomplished by having the boy attend his mother's abortion. Surprising how little things like that can bring a family together!

Summer of '42, like *Last Summer*, side-steps the complications of parent-child relationships by the simple expedient of eliminating the adults. In this nostalgic *recherche du temps perdu*, a teen-ager (Gary Grimes) agonizes through a summer-long crush on a seemingly inaccessible married woman (Jennifer O'Neill), and is ultimately rewarded for his patience and persistence. Although the seduction scene is awkwardly and unbelievably written, the earlier parts of the film glow warmly through Robert Mulligan's tender direction, Robert Surtees's Wyeth-like camerawork, and Michel Legrand's lush score (a perfect accompaniment to the film's idyllic, slow-motion shots of innocence at play on deserted New England beaches).



"Stop talking down to me!"

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Tokyo in Bloom

EVERYTHING you've heard about Tokyo is true. It is overcrowded, chaotic, polluted, too hot or too cold; in short, it suffers all the maladies known to New York City, only magnified. Yet if you step out of your hotel fully prepared for the onslaught, Tokyo is rather easy to take. And in the early days of spring as the precious cherry blossoms—there are fewer every year—begin to bloom, the city takes on a softness that spreads even to the Ginza.

Most of a recent stay was blessed with the kind of bright crisp weather that had Tokyo residents themselves pausing, on their morning rush, to inspect the latest blossoms bursting in the city's parks. Every time I thought I had at last found an early-blooming cherry tree, someone would identify it as a peach or a plum. After all, as any Japanese will tell you, cherry trees flower by the calendar—precisely on April 10.

Tokyo isn't the kind of city to see by ticking off one obligatory sight after another. It should be done by whim. The thing to do before heading out is to learn how to pronounce the name of your hotel in Japanese-accented English (Imperiar Hote-*ru*) or, if possible, to master the Japanese name so that when you finally get lost or exhausted you can give the cab driver some idea of how to get you back. It is an international axiom that the Japanese have trouble with foreign languages, English included, but in Tokyo it's never hard to find someone with enough English to set you straight. Patience: Can you imagine a Japanese tourist trying to get directions in his own language in downtown Chicago?

What makes navigation even more complex in Tokyo is that streets are seldom designated by signs. I think the most demanding job in town is that of a postman; he could take months to learn his route and suddenly turn up one day to find the neighborhood torn down for redevelopment and a whole new numbering system to memorize. Because most of the streets are so narrow and cramped and continually changing character, the Japanese have come to identify places by the names of buildings.

One morning, somewhat dazzled by the brilliance of a late March sun, I stopped in a bank off the Ginza to ask the way to a particularly elusive address. Not one but four clerks grouped around the front counter to plot the route, and when I left five minutes later, I clutched a crudely sketched map with directions to turn left at a certain bank and right at a movie theater and to fix my course by a revolving high-rise restaurant—but no mention of street names.

Tokyo receives a bad press the world over for the littered condition of its streets and other public places, but I think this reputation is partly undeserved. Tokyo citizens routinely scatter scraps of trash on their rounds, but waiting in their wake are city clean-up crews or private shopkeepers ready to sweep the walks clean with bamboo brooms. Tokyo's parks, which offer verdant, peaceful refuge from the streetside din, are brushed clean every morning by work gangs of men and women, the latter in baggy blue habit with white cloth bonnets to fend off the sun, which, contrary to most reports, does shine through the Tokyo smog. Pausing one morning in Hibiya Park to admire a fresh splash of peach and apricot blossoms, I noticed several of the work crew wearing what looked like white surgical masks bound tightly over mouth and nose. It turned out to be a common sight all over Japan. I heard two explanations for the masks—one that the Japanese are trying to protect themselves from the foul air, the other that they are carrying colds and don't want to spread the germs. I think the second case is closer to the truth—most people I consulted laughed off the first—but the dual explanation simply underscores a fact of Japanese life: No matter how Westernized its society has become, no matter how many young women turn from kimono to hot pants, tiny unfathomable mysteries still pop up everywhere.

Although Tokyo's population has tripled since 1945 and has surged past the ten-million mark, there are still corners of the city that remain relatively unthronged and simple. Asakusa, on the eastern side of Tokyo, has absorbed little of the flash and dash of Shinjuku, the Ginza, and other 1971 nerve centers. In Asakusa and throughout Tokyo, the emergence of real cherry blossoms is preceded by dis-

A Rare Journey Home

ONE FREQUENTLY HEARS that a Japanese will fete a foreign visitor in grand style but seldom bring him home. A young Tokyo friend, Hitoshi Kamimura, explained it this way one day at lunch: "I think we are shy or a little ashamed to have foreigners see us in our daily life. We don't want our habits and customs to be fully understood. So we always take our visitors out and go to the best places, places we may never go to on our own."

Despite what he said, by 5 o'clock that afternoon we were waiting for a commuter train to his home in the suburbs where he lives with his parents. All the reports and rumors about Tokyo's commuter traffic are true. Though we caught a train before the peak period, we stood up for the hour-long ride simply because, when the doors had opened, other commuters waiting in line—including a tiny old woman in wire-rimmed glasses—scrambled after every available seat like people rushing out of a burning building.

When we arrived at the house, his mother bowed very low in the doorway on her hands and knees. We sat in a small room off the kitchen, our legs tucked under a low table and covered with a blanket called a *kotatsu*. His mother entered and re-entered the room, pausing only long enough to serve us tangerines, cakes, and green tea and then, for the main course, *miso* soup, tuna, vegetables, and cups of warm sake. His father came home from work, changed into *yukata* robes, and joined us only briefly. Kamimura-san himself never wears the traditional *yukata*; he doesn't even own one.

We ate and talked together a long time, and after I had exchanged good-bys with his parents, Mrs. Kamimura bowing low again in the doorway, Kamimura-san took me back to the train station. First, though, we walked through his mother's garden; by the moon, I could see a small grove of bamboo and some carefully pruned plants and shrubs.

"It is only a small garden," said Kamimura-san in his apologetic manner. "Every morning comes a nightingale, and it sits in the apricot tree. It means the coming of spring, and my mother is very proud." —D. B.

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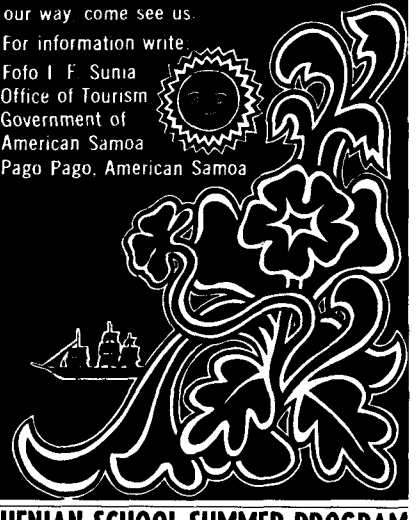

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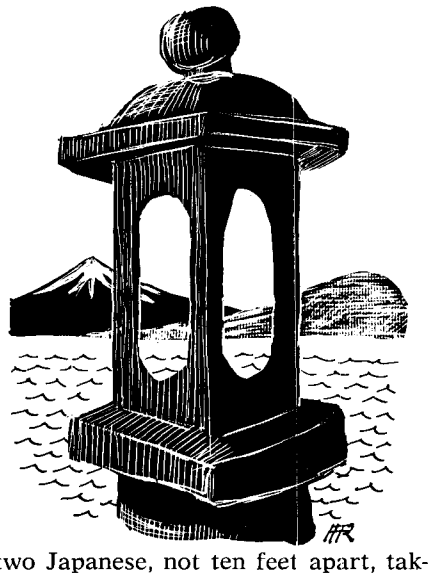
plays of imitation pink blossoms and red lanterns overhanging the narrow streets. I walked beneath Asakusa's long ribbons of pink plastic—colorful if not authentic—and gazed into open shops and stalls selling shoes and suits, fruits and vegetables, and even specializing in all shapes and sizes of *soroban*, the Japanese abacus.

You seldom buy a product in Japan that isn't wrapped and sold with a touch of artistry. I bought three little notepads and had to wait, if briefly, while the clerk packaged them neatly in a floral print paper. He did spare the ribbon. One marketing device that puzzled me was the plastic food displays in restaurant windows—dishes of rice, eerie green ice cream sodas, indeed everything offered on the menu inside. The arrays of plastic food often assist tourists, who can more easily explain what they want by leading the waitress out to the sidewalk and pointing to the desired dish. And yet you see the same ersatz displays far from the trail of the *gaijin* (foreigner). Some of the loveliest, simplest bamboo-and-frame restaurants are so marred.

Asakusa has one of Tokyo's two largest and oldest shrines or temples—the other is the Meiji—and on this warming spring day people were out in flocks to pay their respects to the Kannon Temple. There were groups of dark-clad uniformed students, the boys in black, the girls in navy blue; middle-aged and older women in kimonos; a clutch of Western tourists receiving instructions from their Japanese guide. On the long commercial byway leading to the temple, a tiny wizened man with a white cloth wrapped around his head was selling hot sweet potatoes from a two-wheel cart. Drawn closer by the sweet/acrid aroma, I was treated to a demonstration of an ancient cooking system: A wood fire underneath the cart heated a pile of stones, which in turn baked the potatoes on top.

Just inside the gates to the temple, Japanese gathered round a huge bowl of burning incense and waved clouds of it into their face and through their hair as a way of purifying themselves before approaching the temple. The sacred atmosphere around a temple is often charged with a sort of carnival atmosphere, particularly on the first pleasant days of spring. A loudspeaker barked out information about the latest lost parties on the temple grounds, and on the steps leading up to a huge, wooden, gracefully sloping pavilion visitors took turns snapping pictures of one another. Stories of the Japanese and their passion for photography are not exaggerated. They snap pictures of each other in the middle of crowded airport terminals, in hotel lobbies, everywhere. It is not unusual to see



two Japanese, not ten feet apart, taking simultaneous photos of each other.

As I strolled away from the temple, a young boy in shorts thrust out his hand, smiled shyly, and said hello in English. I was tempted to try out my battery of Japanese salutations, but my Tokyo companion urged me to speak English. "He wants to practice his English. All the students do." So the little boy and one of his friends walked beside us until their collection of English expressions was exhausted and they shook my hand and said good-by.

We stopped for lunch in a tempura restaurant, a tiny place that offered ample proof you don't have to spend a fortune every time you sit down to eat in Tokyo. We had the deluxe lunch for 500 yen (about $1.50), which included large chunks of deep-fried seafood and vegetables on a bed of soy-soaked rice with a side order of vinegared ginger and other vegetables and a pot of green tea; we could have had almost as large portions for a dollar or less. Here again was the Japanese artistry: Instead of being heaped before us on a plate, the rice and tempura arrived in a lacquered black box with red cover, a shining treasure chest.

The international businessman in search of traditional Japanese comforts usually finds his way to the Ginza, but Tokyo night life of the modern and modish style has spread to other sections, such as Shinjuku, Roppongi, and Shibuya. The Japanese call Shinjuku their Greenwich Village. It blazes with more light—and variety—than Bleecker Street and still has a relaxed, sandal-slapping air. Not too many years ago, Shinjuku was farm country, but like the rest of Tokyo it is daily chewed up by urban sprawl. And yet there in a maze of neon-lit alleyways and tiny jerry-built shops and nightclubs stood an ancient, weathered house surrounded by a high wooden

(*Continued on page* 65)

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ENVIRONMENT
and the Quality of Life

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Environment Repair: The U.S. Army Engineers' New Assignment

Assuming that the spenders work a standard forty-hour week, $1-million worth of tax money is now being spent for construction of new sewage disposal facilities in the United States every hour.

Practically none of this money is buying what most taxpayers think they are paying for.

Disease-carrying viruses are not being removed from waste water the new facilities are pouring into our streams, lakes, and oceans.

Nitrogenous contents of sewage are being converted into nitrates hazardous to health.

Organic substances known to provoke cancer are being dumped into waterways that subsequently become sources of drinking water for homes and public places.

Most deceptive of all is the common practice of designing sewage disposal plants so as to divert raw sewage, not treated in any way, into watercourses whenever something goes wrong with the disposal pumps or the other plant machinery requires repair. Automatic bypass devices were, in fact, required as a "safety" measure up to two years ago.

When the disposal process is working, solids it separates from the water are not permanently removed as pollutants from the environment but are only temporarily set aside. They settle as thick black ooze on the bottom of processing basins, whence they must be taken periodically and otherwise dealt with later. In a few places, the sludge is collected and sold as fertilizer. Milwaukee bags it and markets it thr ugh normal interstate commerce channels. But most of it is either incinerated—returning noxious fumes to the atmosphere—or once again set adrift in the water to prematurely age river, lake, and ocean beds with layers of fertilizing accelerants of eutrophication. The most elaborate incinerator in operation anywhere today serves the city of Denver, where the people are now violently protesting the pollutants it vents into the mountain air. New York City dumps its sludge into the sea, from tug-drawn barges subsidized by taxpayers all over the country through grants from President Nixon's Environmental Protection Agency (EPA)—a practice that EPA intends to discontinue just as soon as a practical alternate method of disposal can be arranged. U.S. Senator Clifford Case of New Jersey is forcing the issue with proposed legislation to stop dumping of any waste into any ocean or into the Great Lakes within five years.

Those few who know the truth about sewage disposal seldom talk candidly about it in public. Their justification for silence is that it is a disservice to distress people unless immediate action can be taken to provide now-missing protection. The closest approach any highly placed government bureaucrat has made to full disclosure was in a speech recently delivered by Eugene T. Jensen, operations chief in the water quality control office of the EPA. Mr. Jensen told an American Society of Civil Engineers National Specialty Conference at Los Angeles:

> I am ashamed to admit that . . . the old "pros" in the field of water pollution control appear to be lagging. The people and Congress appear to have swept by us. We seem willing to settle for too little. . . . We build [sewage] treatment facilities—but we fear expenditures that exceed what is absolutely necessary to maintain *minimum* stream quality. We tolerate poor operation. We are satisfied with less than modern treatment techniques, and confine our new, advanced, waste treatment technology to pilot plants and research laboratories. When the public asks for treatment to permit reuse [of waste water], we hold back and point out only the weaknesses of the new treatment technology. We take some enforcement actions, but we do not make "unreasonable" requests. Is "reasonableness" an excuse for weakness, and "prudence" another word for timidity? The cases in which a major [polluted] stream or lake has actually been restored can be counted on one hand. . . .
>
> The problem will not be solved merely by enactment of legislation, no matter how well conceived or how expertly drawn. . . . We, the professionals in the field of water pollution control, are going to have to change ourselves, our concepts, and our way of doing things. . . . First and foremost perhaps, we must stop being satisfied with yesterday's technology. New technology is available. Until it is transferred into actual treatment facilities, it is of little value. Just because we have relied on trickling filters and activated sludge plants in the past does not mean that we should continue to do so today.
>
> You will object, perhaps, that these processes have been well tried and have proved reliable. Yes, they have proved reliable if by reliable one means that they are known to break down and are subject to erratic performance. . . .

Why did Jensen stick his neck out so plainly and so far? Why, especially, at a time when—as he put it—"the public has asked for clean water. They want clean water in the very immediate future and think that even five years is too long to wait"? Undoubtedly, partly because he is a conscientious person and feels the pressure of gen-

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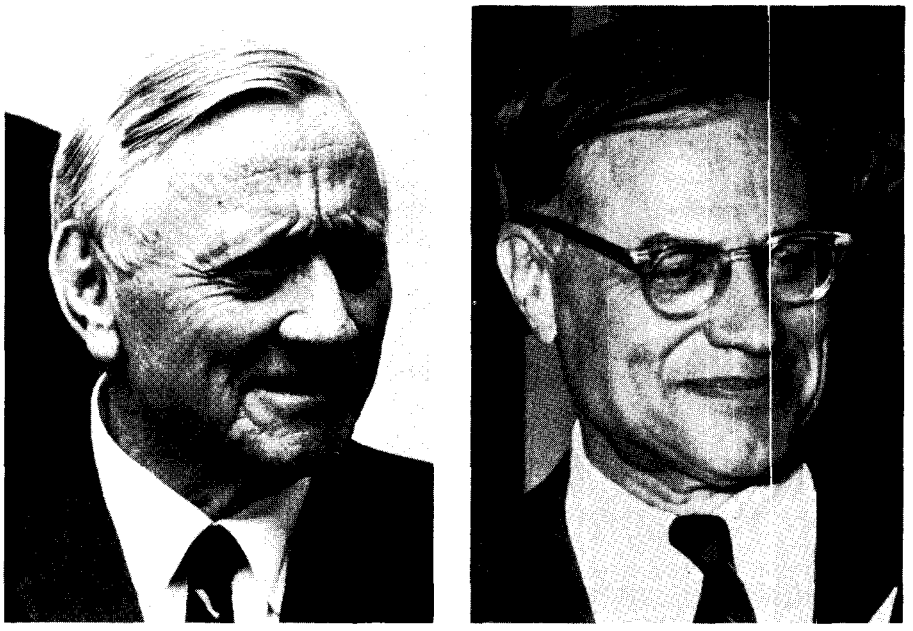
erations of Danish-farmer ancestors who accorded respect to nature. But also perhaps partly because he was then engaged in negotiations that he felt confident would result in decisive reform in less than five years.

For all practical purposes, these negotiations are now complete. EPA has assigned the most efficient planning and construction agency on earth—the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers—to undertake field studies of feasible alternative methods of modern sewage disposal in five of the nine largest metropolitan areas of the country, home of 12 to 15 per cent of the nation's population: the dozen California counties bordering San Francisco Bay and its estuary (10,000 square miles, occupied by 5.5-million people); Chicago and those contiguous parts of Illinois and Indiana abutting the lower tip of Lake Michigan (3,700 square miles, 7.25-million people); the city of Detroit and its environs (4,000 square miles, 4.9-million people); the Cleveland-Akron metropolitan complex and its Cuyahoga basin hinterland (2,000 square miles, 2.4-million people); and the Merrimack River basin, into which the waters of most of metropolitan Boston drain (5,000 square miles, 3.4-million people).

A memorandum of understanding has been agreed to by the staff of EPA and the Corps, and now carries the initials of William Ruckelshaus, EPA administrator, and Robert Jordan III, general counsel to the Secretary of the Army and the Secretary's Special Assistant for Civilian Affairs. The gist of the memo has been approved by the public works subcommittees of the appropriations committees of the two houses of Congress, which have endorsed the shifting of $6.7-million of previously budgeted Corps funds to enable the engineers to get to work. A special task force, made up largely of bright, young, ecologically oriented Ph. D.s who have military service obligations to work off, has been assembled in the office of Corps Chief Lt. Gen. F. J. Clarke; it has put together a fifty-page manual to guide the scores of engineers who will gather the detailed information on which the choices of disposal systems will be based. The current operating schedule calls for fever-pitch activity culminating in recommendations by July 1. Slippage into August is a reasonable expectation. But by autumn the Corps hopes to have EPA's encouragement to begin drafting actual plans for construction of sewage disposal systems. At that point, 500 to 600 uniformed men and 30,000 highly trained civilian employees will be involved in the updating of attitudes EPA's Jensen so pointedly deplored last March.



—Photos, Wide World

Push toward new environment-repair mission for U.S. Army Corps of Engineers began with Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas (left), was abetted by Wisconsin Congressman Henry Reuss (right).

The new environment repair mission of the Corps of Engineers could well be the big breakthrough everyone has been looking for in America's fulminating ecological revolution. The Corps has been instrumental in almost every great forward step in American destiny. George Washington himself conceived the idea of a corps and wrote of it explicitly in his earliest planning for the new democracy. An embryonic embodiment of his brainchild fortified Breed's Hill just before the Battle of Bunker Hill. The Military Academy at West Point began as an engineering school, the only one in America at the time. The men who emerged from it, and their successors, cut the earliest roads westward from the Atlantic Seaboard across the hilled wilderness to the plains that would serve as the mature nation's breadbasket. Later on, the Corps of Engineers surveyed the routes the railroads followed out of the plains and over the Rockies to the Pacific.

Charles Darwin's theory of evolution, from which has sprung all of modern man's thinking about himself in relation to his environment, was derived in part from botanist Asa Gray's analysis of the grasses and flowers the surveyors gathered as they traveled. In the 1890s, the Corps originated river basin resource planning that led to the conservation concepts of President Theodore Roosevelt and his forester-politician protégé, Gifford Pinchot. The Engineers were the earliest official guardians of the forest and were the first to fight for preservation of the natural wonders of Yellowstone, Yosemite, and Sequoia as national parks. The Corps built the Alaskan Highway when Japanese invasion seemed feasible in World War II. It built the atom bomb that ended that war. It built the launching pads from which departed the first manned voyages to the moon.

Monuments to the versatility and reliability of the Corps's building methods are admired daily by multitudes of people who never suspect the parentage of the Capitol Dome in Washington, D. C., the memorial to Abraham Lincoln, the Tidal Basin in which the Japanese cherry tree blossom festival is celebrated every spring, the Pentagon, the electric power generating dams that have enabled the Tennessee Valley Authority to lift a whole region from red-dust-deep poverty, various post offices, and several hundred artificial lakes throughout the country—impounded behind dams constructed to prevent floods in the valleys of the Missouri, the Mississippi, and many lesser rivers.

Some of those lakes are 200 miles long. To bring them into being, the Corps had to raise out of nowhere whole towns to house workers recruited by private contractors under Corps specifications (an unpremeditated spin-off of this procedure, at Grand Coulee Dam in 1938, was the "team medicine" innovation of contractor Henry Kaiser, which is now reshaping medical practice in America). Jobs opened by the hundreds wherever this happened. Similar situations arose from the erection of miles of levees to further restrain the rivers. During the long economic depression that followed the stock market collapse of 1929, nothing could have been

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—Wide World

—U.S. Army

Reforms urged by outsiders (see page opposite) were initiated by Robert Jordan III, Special Assistant to Secretary of War for Civilian Affairs (left), and speeded by scientist John Sheaffer (right).

more popular. The Corps of Engineers assumed heroic proportions in the minds of the hungry multitude. Local chambers of commerce avidly hunted projects to bring to the Corps's attention. Congressmen and Senators vied for the privilege of supporting proposals that would add to the prosperity of their districts and their states. The Corps was not the only big builder in the federal domain. The Reclamation Bureau of the Interior Department and the Soil Conservation Agency of the Department of Agriculture were similarly occupied. But the military precision of the Engineers, the disciplined principles of rapid motion, hard striking, and getting the job done by the book gave the Corps special visibility.

According to flow charts of governmental authority, the Engineers belong to the Army, and the Army belongs to the Executive branch under strict Presidential control. But even such a charismatic President as the late Franklin D. Roosevelt and as scrappy a one as Harry Truman were unable to bring the agency in the direction of their wishes. For every dollar the Corps got in the President's budget, the Congress added at least another dollar. The Corps could afford to behave as independently as J. Edgar Hoover, and it exercised the privilege fully throughout the years when vigorous growth was equated with robust national health.

Enthusiasm for the "build, build, build" philosophy was always short of unanimous. People whose homes were drowned by the water the dams backed up and those whose sensibilities were offended by wholesale mutilation of natural beauty raised plaintive voices, occasionally made headlines of protest, and in rare cases dared the juggernaut in court. Not only did they almost always lose out, but they usually left the scene bearing such epithets of scorn as "bird watchers," "butterfly chasers," and "little old ladies in tennis shoes."

Hardly anyone noticed when the tide began to turn a quarter century ago. I recall how pleasantly surprised was Ben Hibbs, then editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, when I took to his office a manuscript I titled "Pennsylvania's Hidebound Revolutionary." My subject was Gen. Edward Martin, then state Governor, widely looked upon as an unimaginative errand boy of the Mellon interests within the Republican Party. Martin and his Attorney General, James Duff, had found the rich steel and oil contributors to GOP election campaigns in the state open to adoption of a new set of laws designed to clean up Pennsylvania's polluted streams. Martin began putting the laws through a reluctant legislature, and Duff finished the job after taking Martin's place in the Governor's chair. Half a decade later, in 1951, the Corps of Engineers' share of responsibility for making a mess of waterways across the nation was exposed to a wide public for the first time in *Muddy Waters: The Corps of Engineers and the Nation's Rivers*, a book written by Harvard University Professor Arthur Maass and published by Harvard University Press.

In 1958, Congress began to sense that the Corps had fallen out of tune with the times. But that year's legislation governing the Corps's work required only that consequences to fish and game be taken into account in future straightening of rivers, dredging of harbors, and building of dams. By that time, the Corps was too accustomed to power to feel the rebuke, and resentment against continuance of its bulldozer tactics swelled as the years passed. Early in 1968, one of the country's most influential and plain-spoken conservationists, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, declared in a speech to the Great Lakes Chapter of the Sierra Club: "The Army Corps of Engineers is public enemy number one." In July of the following year, the Justice published in *Playboy* magazine his personal conviction that "the Corps is destroying free-flowing streams to make unnecessary dams. It is trying to turn natural rivers into sluiceways. It is destroying our estuaries." He then recapitulated the Corps's history and considered its future:

> The Corps . . . has a long and illustrious record, completely free of fraud, mismanagement, or other types of scandal . . . . Since 1824, it has built most of the nation's harbors and navigable waterways. From the beginning, it was active in flood control, and when the first national Flood Control Act was passed by Congress in 1917, it became very active, especially in the Mississippi Valley . . . .
>
> The difficulty is, however, that we are running out of free-flowing rivers and healthy estuaries. The traditional engineering functions no longer fit our needs. Our need is to preserve the few remaining natural wonders that we have and make them clean and sparkling and fit for use by humans and the vast world of birds, fish, reptiles, and crustaceans that possess our waters.
>
> We need the Corps. But we need also to redefine its functions and change its focus. . . . We can accomplish that goal by a few simple amendments to the Corps's basic authority.
>
> First, its projects for river improvement should now be conditioned by conservation standards. Will the project protect the marshlands? Will it provide the needed fresh water for sanctuaries such as the Everglades? Will it preserve the bottomlands sorely needed for ecological studies?
>
> Second, the Corps statutory authority should be enlarged to authorize it to construct sewage-disposal plants . . . . It can be busier at that than at dam-building. . . .

When that issue of *Playboy* appeared on the newsstands, one of the committees of Congress was holding a bill that had been introduced by Representative Henry S. Reuss of Wisconsin. The bill would have authorized the Corps to plan and build sewage dis-

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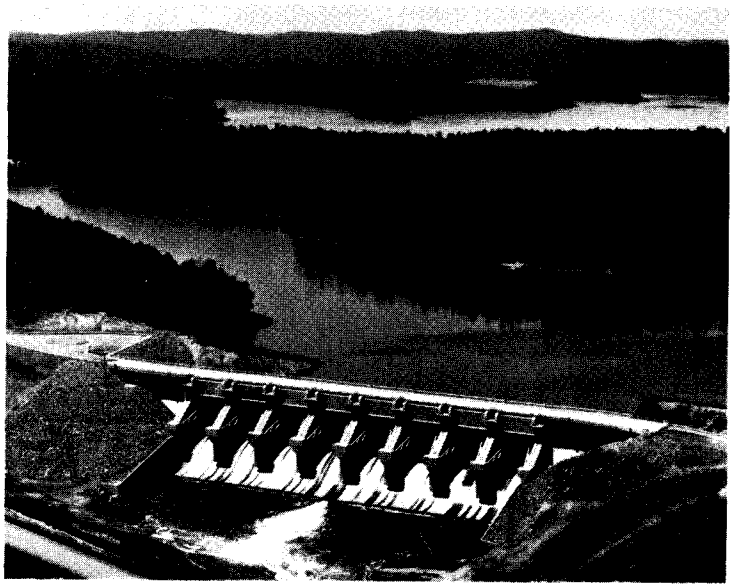

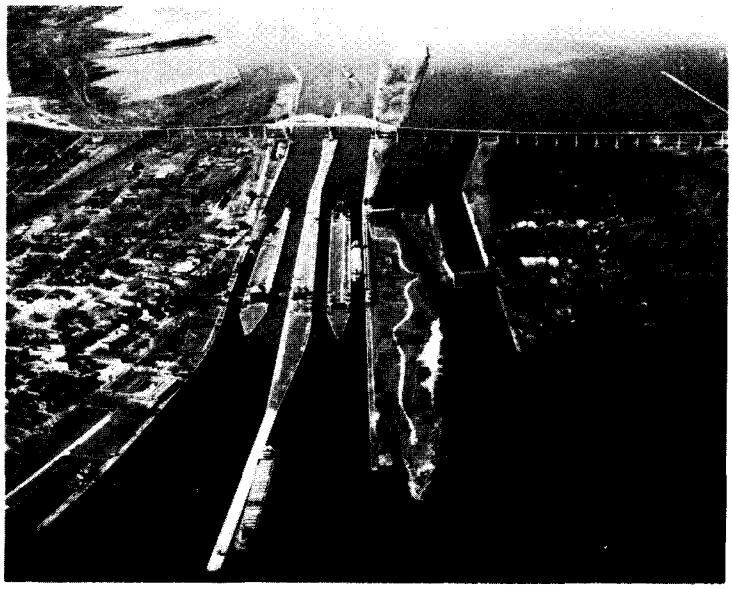

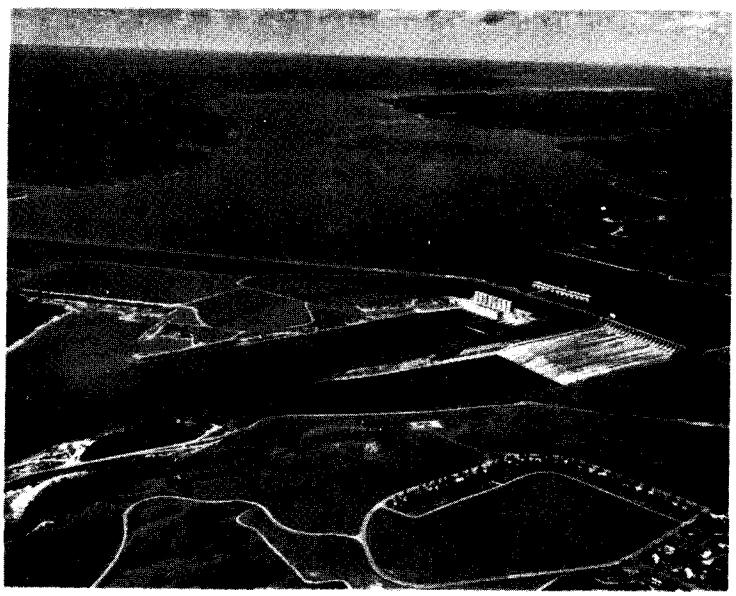

–*Photos, U.S. Army Corps of Engineers*

Formidable reputation of U.S. Army Corps of Engineers is built on colossal construction projects such as those pictured above. Top: island-studded lake formed by Broken Bow Dam in Oklahoma. Center: mechanical heart of the steel industry—Soo Canal locks in the Great Lakes. Bottom: Fort Randall Dam at Pickstown, South Dakota.

posal plants wherever they were needed throughout the land. The proposed law never reached the floor for a vote.

The lead article in the April 1970 issue of *The Atlantic* bore the title: "Dam Outrage: The Story of the Army Engineers." The magazine's Washington editor, Elizabeth B. Drew, rephrased much of Justice Douglas's indictment of the previous years and sharpened his main point by noting an especially bizarre detail: "The nation is now committed [by Congressional appropriations for Corps projects] to making Tulsa, Oklahoma, and Fort Worth, Texas, into seaports, although each is about 400 miles from the sea, at costs of at least $1.2-billion and $1-billion respectively." She concluded as follows:

> One solution to the problems the Corps program creates would be simply to stop it . . . . If there are to be a Corps and a Corps public-works program, then proposals to expand the Corps's function make sense. Making the Corps responsible for sewage treatment, for example, would give it a task that needs to be done, local governments a benefit that they really need and that would be widely shared, and politicians a new form of largesse to hand around. Anti-pollution could be spared the pork barrel through a combination of requirements for local action and federal incentives, and through adequate financing. Yet, making anti-pollution part of the pork barrel may be just what it needs.

The Atlantic sent a copy of the Drew report to Professor Maass, the author of *Muddy Waters*, inviting his comment. Maass replied in a letter that reached print not in *The Atlantic* but in the *Congressional Record*. The letter said that Maass was still critical of Corps practices but that he didn't think it fair to blame the Corps alone for doing what a great many Americans plainly had wanted done at the time the Corps undertook its various assignments. Popular attitudes have changed radically in recent years, he observed, and any genuinely fair appraisal of the Corps today would have to include consideration of changes in Corps procedure. He noted especially the introduction of a system of policy-planning that enriched the mix of proposed Corps projects and tightened Executive control over Corps budgeting. He urged public recognition of the fact that the former position of conservationists has been largely reversed and that some of them now prefer to try for "a flat veto" over construction projects rather than participate in a decision-making process "in which the benefits of their objectives can be compared to those of other objectives."

Although the Maass letter did not so specify, the new planning method had

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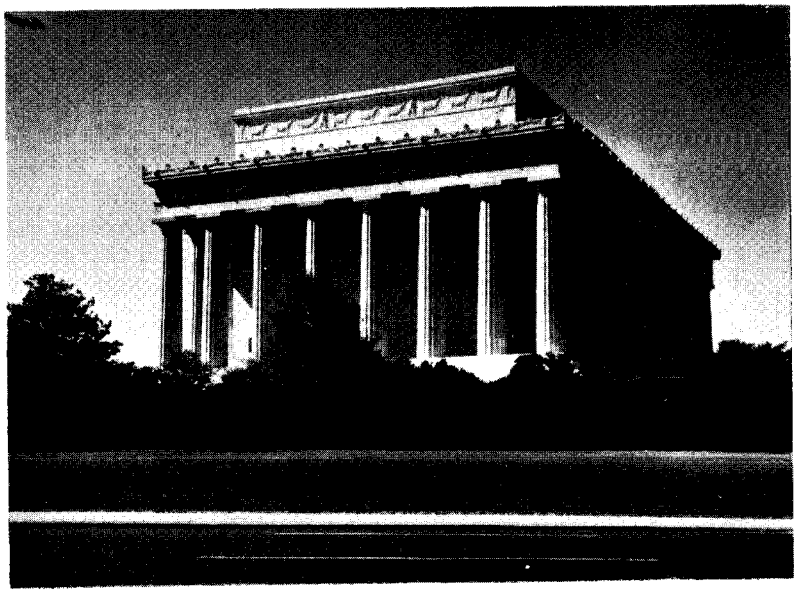
been proposed by Alfred B. Fitt and put in force by Jordan, Fitt's successor as the Army Secretary's General Counsel and Special Assistant for Civilian Affairs, and thus top figure on the Corps totem pole. One of Jordan's innovations was an annually rotating visiting professorship that brought in a detached and independent mind to the planning staff. The visitor who was asked to come aboard in September 1970 [see "Reviving the Great Lakes," *SR*, Nov. 7, 1970] accepted the invitation only after being designated as science adviser to Jordan with civil service rank equivalent to that of a two-star general. This driving young (thirty-nine-year-old) man intended to make some major changes and was too experienced to start by being outranked by those whose complacency he might disturb.

He was Professor John R. Sheaffer, associate director of the Institute of Urban Affairs at the University of Chicago. A specialist in flood plain management (one of the areas in which the Corps had failed notoriously; in spite of its dam and levee building, flood damage had risen progressively because home building had been allowed on supposedly protected but actually vulnerable low-lying flatlands), he had recently accomplished the prodigious feat of bringing local officeholders in twelve cities and townships of Muskegon County, Michigan, into one harmonious company supporting a single sewage disposal system to serve all their communities together.

Before the creation of EPA, one of the agencies that now constitute it—the Federal Water Quality Administration of the Department of the Interior—gave the Muskegon coalition the biggest single project grant in FWQA history: $2-million for the opening phase of the experiment. The project marked a return to the ancient principle of treating wastes as natural resources and returning them to the earth to contribute to the regeneration of life. Instead of dumping sewage into waterways, a practice Muskegon now shares with hundreds of other localities, Sheaffer proposed to pipe the wastes inland to storage lagoons and thence to a network of irrigation sprinklers installed on presently barren acreage susceptible to conversion into cropland. FWQA backed the project as a pioneer attempt to operate such a waste disposal system as a self-supporting economic enterprise, with the cost of the system's operation to be paid from the sale of the fruits of the fields.

Sheaffer had received a personal letter of praise from President Nixon after the Muskegon coup became public knowledge. The letter put him in a



—*Photos, Rapho Guillumette*

Few among the daily multitude of their admirers recognize the beauties shown here as handiwork of the U.S. Corps of Engineers. Top: dome of the nation's Capitol in Washington, D.C. Center: the Tidal Basin on the Potomac River, site of Washington's annual spring cherry blossom festival. Bottom: stately memorial to President Abraham Lincoln.

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good position to argue for adoption of the principle of land disposal of sewage throughout the country. Acceptance of the principle would inevitably require the crossing of town and township boundary lines, perhaps the crossing of county and in some cases even state lines. The Corps of Engineers was one of the few agencies in the country with established Congressional authority to deal in such terms. Sheaffer knew from personal experience the extent of the antagonisms the Corps had aroused among conservationists generally. But he recognized a tremendous advantage for the nation in taking an existing agency with the Corps's unmatched capabilities and turning it around to meet the challenge of restoring America. The Corps already had obtained specific authorization from Congress to study five great metropolitan water basins: those encompassing San Francisco, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, and Boston. In no case, however, did the authorization include responsibility for doing anything about water quality. Sheaffer's problem, then, was to see that the quality question was introduced into the Corps's plans.

He had no trouble persuading Jordan to support this line of attack, for Jordan had been hunting just that kind of opportunity. The military nature of the Corps command made internal realignment of the perspective of its officers relatively painless. The first real hurdle was in the White House Office of Management and Budget (OMB), which had to approve the shifting of already committed Corps funds to the proposed new purpose. EPA had just gone to OMB with a very large request for money for improving the quality of the nation's water supply. Ordinarily, this request from a top coordinating agency would have taken precedence over any competition from below. But EPA needed new money, and it was exceedingly scarce. The Corps already had the funds Sheaffer wanted to use. So Sheaffer left OMB with a clear go-ahead.

At the other end of Washington's Pennsylvania Avenue, Sheaffer encountered no problems. The public works subcommittees of the appropriations committees of Congress had been weighing the desirability of public hearings to discover how best to encourage the Corps to be more responsive to the demands of the new environmental reformers. Sheaffer's proposal made the hearings unnecessary; he had a powerful encouragement in hand. If he was right in his land disposal ideas, engineering studies would confirm his point of view. The committeemen therefore agreed to approve the requested budget shifts with the stipulation that the funds would pay for analysis of the comparative feasibility of alternate disposal methods, and that EPA and the Corps would arrive at an understanding of how the analysis should be done.

The understanding subsequently achieved was essentially what Sidney Howe and William J. Duddleson, officers of the Conservation Foundation (once headed by Russell Train, now chairman of the White House Council on Environmental Quality), recommended in Cincinnati last February to a land and water management seminar jointly sponsored by the Council of State Governments Interstate Conference on Water Problems and the United States Water Resources Council. Howe and Duddleson had proposed separation of the authority to construct public works from the authority to evaluate those works. The understanding between EPA and the Corps gave EPA clear control over what should be done and how; the Corps assignment was to function as a consultant to EPA in the actual designing and building of projects—laying out specifications, drawing up contracts, and seeing that private contractors met the specifications. At one time, there would have been widespread doubt of any other agency's ability to restrain the Corps's lobbying power. Most of the doubts disappeared, however, after the Corps meekly accepted President Nixon's recent decision to stop construction of the half-finished Cross-Florida barge canal.

As Howe and Duddleson told the Cincinnati seminar, some conservationists are still willing to meet the Corps only in court. But as long as others are willing to reason, Sheaffer is confident of ultimate vindication. The critics of his decision to help the Engineers get a new start haven't much to say beyond the fact that his concept of land disposal of sewage isn't new. To him, this is carping; he never claimed to be the originator of the land disposal theory. He has always given public credit to the late Professor Warren Thornthwaite, University of Chicago geographer, whose experiments at Seabrook Farms in New Jersey years ago inspired a more sophisticated waste water irrigation project at Pennsylvania State University [see "The Crisis in Water—What Brought It On?" *SR*, Oct. 23, 1965]. The Penn State work in turn became a model for the still more sophisticated system Sheaffer designed for Muskegon with the advice of William J. Bauer, Chicago engineer, after the opportunity was opened by the farsightedness and political finesse of Muskegon County Planning Director Roderick Dittmer, the County Planning Commission, and the Board of Muskegon County Commissioners.

The most stubborn obstacle in Sheaffer's future path is the curious failure of academe to teach or even discuss the Penn State experience in sanitary engineering courses. The depth of professional disinterest is further indicated by absence from waste water treatment textbooks of any description of the mechanisms or procedures employed in land disposal of sewage effluent. Richard R. Parizek, associate professor of hydrogeology at Penn State and one of the leading missionaries of land disposal doctrine, laments: "Even in cases where individual engineers favor irrigation schemes as a means of treating sewage, their enthusiasm and designs are frequently discouraged by state officials charged with the responsibility of reviewing and approving designs and operating procedures." The backwardness is undoubtedly influenced by the requirement that spray irrigation appraisers be trained in ground-water hydrology, geology, agronomy, and sanitary engineering. Parizek has been able to find only two states—Pennsylvania and Illinois—with hydrogeologists on their health department staffs.

This complaint about the delinquencies of the states is echoed in the 700-page report released early last month by Ralph Nader's Center for the Study of Responsive Law. Publication of this document, *Water Wasteland*, followed a two-year study that condemned water pollution control in the United States as "a miserable failure" and attributed a major share of the responsibility to federal government willingness to permit individual states to cripple federally financed improvements designed to enhance water quality across the country.

EPA's water quality control operations chief Jensen has dug well below the surface of this problem. In talking with me recently, he raised the question why people think of human waste separately and apart from the wastes of animals or from exhausted corn and wheat stalks or fallen tree leaves. All contain nutrients too valuable to be lost; all should be returned to the earth. But he doubts that human waste disposal will reach this desirable state until an intensive effort is made to change popular thinking. He suspects that we may have to amend the language we use in dealing with the matter. Present-day waste disposal terminology is filled with unhappy clichés. The watery constituents of sewage are not water but "effluent." Wastes are "dumped" into streams or otherwise "got rid of." Truly modern sewage disposal systems entail very little odor, but how many citizens spend much time around such facilities? To

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most people, the word "sewage" is equated with the word "stink."

Parizek agrees: "The public has a hang-up" in its approach to waste disposal. The tension springs from exaggerated fears of not only odors but "flies, mosquitoes, risk of disease; or of depressed land values in the countryside" around irrigated fields. Parizek argues for "an honest and open" public information policy "from the beginning." It would be capable of rallying "grassroots support," because "concepts of reclaiming waste water and nutrients for recycling and reuse by plants and indirectly by game animals, promoting groundwater recharge to replenish diminishing water supplies, improving soil fertility, and abating pollution in rivers and lakes all have broad appeal to the public at this stage in our history. Further, the prospect of reduced [sewage] treatment costs by harvesting forest and agronomic crops and game makes sense to the layman. If conceived of on a large enough scale, spray irrigation could have a major impact on regional economy."

Parizek stressed the regional importance of sewage disposal on land as far back as the 1968 American Water Resources Conference in New York. He and E. A. Myers then read a paper that said in part:

> The south shore of Lake Erie, selected bluffs of the east bank of the Susquehanna River, loess-covered bluffs of a number of Midwestern rivers—Ohio, Wabash, Mississippi, Illinois, Missouri, etc.—are but a few examples of potentially favorable regions.

Spray irrigation disposal of appropriately treated sewage obviously requires land, and purchase of land is not now permissible with funds from federal water quality control grants. Parizek points out that this limitation "tends to perpetuate routine and accepted sanitary engineering practices." He challenges the underlying logic: "Money can be used for engineering studies, design of pipelines, buildings, aeration, tanks, etc. It cannot be used to purchase land whereon lies the physical-chemical-biologic treatment mechanism relied upon in irrigation projects to renovate waste waters. In both instances, a biologic complex or living filter is involved, but one is used in 'government approved' tanks and related facilities, while the other is used within 'government unapproved' soils."

The faster the Corps of Engineers can get geared for the new environment repair assignment, the more money will be saved for the taxpayers. Every additional working-day hour that passes costs $1-million in out-of-date technology.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

RENAISSANCE

The word may not describe environmental ferment to us, but it wasn't the word people used at the end of the Dark Ages, either.

by MAX NICHOLSON
in conversation with Henry Brandon

Max Nicholson, the famous British ecologist, is working on a scheme to involve the World Bank in solution of environmental problems. He granted an interview to discuss the implications.

BRANDON: What do you think the sudden emphasis on ecology means historically to the world?

NICHOLSON: I think that just as in the late Middle Ages one saw growing frustrations and disillusionment that heralded the breakdown of an established system, because the ideas and the emotional values behind it had gotten stale, so too one can see something of the same sort now. The darkness of the Middle Ages was followed by what we now call the Renaissance. It was not, of course, called that at the time—they didn't recognize what was happening any more than perhaps we recognize what is really happening. The Renaissance substituted the overcrowding sense of God hanging over everything for the sense of the liberation of man. Man, if he got down to it, could do everything. He was the master of nature, he was the master of himself, and he could even face up to God.

Man has now found out, the hard way, that that isn't quite a true picture. Without nature, he's impoverished spiritually, he lacks roots; he is even finding it difficult to breathe and to drink water. He finds that he is destroying his habitat.

And so I think we are now seeing something that historically, in the long perspective, is a comparable movement to a Renaissance, for it will lead people to look at everything with new eyes; it will lead to a new view of man, in some ways a heightened view, which may make all the materialist values of the Victorian heritage seem irrelevant.

BRANDON: So you expect some sort of a new intellectual approach to living?

NICHOLSON: Yes, because I have long felt that the pedagogic, the very rhetorical, logical, and often paranoid approach to scholarship is unsuitable for the plastic, fluid, and rapidly changing world in which we live. As an ecologist, a self-educated ecologist, I've found not too much trouble in keeping up with what is on people's minds. All I'm boasting about is the value of ecology, which I think is immeasurably superior as an apparatus for living in this modern world.

BRANDON: But what sort of intellectual guidelines can ecology provide for us?

NICHOLSON: There is a feeling now among many people, not only among the young, that we have tried for too hard a line between the head and the heart. The intellect, admittedly, is very important, but I think the emphasis now is on the integrity of the whole equipment of man rather than on the separation of the intellectual from the emotional and the physical.

But there are very important intellectual values in ecology. Ecology, for instance, teaches you to take long views. Ecology teaches you not to take a thing at the surface value but to say: Look at that bit of countryside, that woodland, that steppe, that savannah. What is it today, what was it yesterday, what will it be tomorrow? You have to have an eye for the dynamics of the biosphere, and if you can translate this into an eye for the dynamics in economics, in management, in politics, and so on, you'll find this very useful. At least I have.

BRANDON: You see it really as a deeper emotional way to fathom life?

NICHOLSON: No. I think human evolution is a matter of challenge and response. You get challenges from changes and circumstances.

Often changes precipitated by man himself make certain habits of mind, certain attitudes, certain practices untenable, and then people start looking around for something that will create a new equilibrium. There is a search for a self-balancing social and economic system.

But, meanwhile, we live in a state

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of crushing instability in this century. Therefore, we look for something that will produce harmony and equilibrium. And I think that this is the important thing about the ecological movement and the conservation of the environment. It does hold out to many people a belonging. It gives them a sense of belonging once more to nature, which they no longer get in the concrete jungle of the megalopolis. An open-ended opportunity exists for the ordinary man to express himself, to get it off his chest, to feel that he is contributing and that it means something to him.

BRANDON: You don't think that we've already gone too far in spoiling and destroying the world?

NICHOLSON: We've certainly gone absurdly far in some ways. We have wrapped the whole planet in a global robe of pollution. But this global pollution, although it is now quite dense in parts of the latitudes thirty to fifty north, is very light indeed in the southern latitudes. It hasn't gone all that far yet.

The alarming thing is that if you extrapolate even ten years on present trends, we're very near the point where we will be over the precipice unless we make very drastic correctives. We're perhaps like the captain of an airliner who suddenly sees he's on a collision course and has to put the plane into a nose dive. It's rather uncomfortable for the passengers.

BRANDON: Let's take the United States, where things have progressed, or, better, deteriorated, further than perhaps anywhere else in the world. What should be done? And how about the things that are already badly spoiled?

NICHOLSON: Of course, the more badly spoiled they are, the more it is going to cost to clean them up, and the more certain it is that the cost is going to fall on the taxpayer. You can't saddle any one industry with the cost of cleaning up past derelicts. You can force all industries to conform to high standards on current pollution, but you can't jump backwards. So there is a very heavy cost involved.

But insofar as pollution itself is a very heavy cost, insofar as dirty air and dirty water and all these things are wastes of a big magnitude, I think one can exaggerate the argument that we can't afford to clean up pollution. We certainly can't afford *not* to. In the long run, the benefits will far outweigh the costs involved, although there will be a period, perhaps of ten years, when the cost may even mount to perhaps 10 or 15 per cent of the cost of getting to the moon. Or the cost of armament. So what? There will even be some industrial "spin-offs."

BRANDON: Can you give an example of such spin-offs?

NICHOLSON: My favorite example is a rather old one. We had rather tight conservation legislation in England 300 years ago, and this cleansed down a lot of the ironworks in Sussex, Surrey, and the Midlands. Some of the ironmasters were very irritated by this interference. One, Abraham Garvey, set himself to find a way of producing pig iron that wasn't dependent on the woodlands. He developed a technique for using coal instead. Coal, of course, became an important factor in the Industrial Revolution. As much as any one thing, it helped to trigger the Industrial Revolution and with it the steel industry.

So, we conservationists could modestly say that the whole of the modern steel industry is a spin-off from the enforcement of proper conservation.

BRANDON: Can you think of a contemporary illustration?

NICHOLSON: Contemporary illustrations are a good deal more difficult in some ways. But if you take pollution of the seas by oil, we conservationists have been fighting this battle for just about fifty years. For the first thirty years we got nowhere. Then we started tracking down where the oil came from. We tracked it to the tankers. We disproved the stupid story that it was due to ships sunk in the war or ships breaking up. Then we got the oil companies and the tanker operators to cooperate, and this led to the invention of the system called "load on top" where, instead of pumping out all this residue of oil, you load the oil on top and a great deal of oil that would have been wasted is now put to good use.

That was done entirely under pressure from conservationists. But in this case, as in many others, we have had very good cooperation at the technical level from the oil industries, the chemical industries, and certain mining industries—strip mining and others—particularly in the United Kingdom.

I don't want to suggest that there is not a conflict between conservationists and industrialists. We conservationists are always trying to get down to the real problem and to find out at the technical level how the quite legitimate needs of industry can be satisfied in ways that are consistent with ecological principles. What we object to is when industry and government choose to do something that creates tremendous conservation problems without consulting the conservationists at the very beginning in order to avoid the problems. Nine times out of ten, they can be avoided.

BRANDON: Do you need laws for that?

NICHOLSON: I'm personally a bit of a skeptic. I have administered conservation laws perhaps as much as anyone. I wouldn't say we don't need laws, but I would say that reliance on laws is exaggerated and misleading. I think this is perhaps even more true in the United States than in certain other countries.

I think what matters is getting a meeting of minds between people on the technical level, who are the managers. That's the essence. We want joint task forces like the one that led to the ending of excessive toxic residues on the land from agricultural pesticides, like the work that led to the bio-degradation of the detergents. It's that kind of job; it's a professional job.

The trouble is that so many of the professions have blinked. They think there is no profession other than their own. The economists think there is no one but the economists. The engineers think it's all engineering. They will not ask questions, they will not consult. These professions have got to get together. They've got to put their cards on the table and learn what the other professions can contribute to the central problem.

BRANDON: But how can you force cooperation from an industry that feels interference with its production?

NICHOLSON: I don't much like the word "force." You may think I'm hypocritical in saying we *persuade* them, but they have come to realize that the conservationists of the world have a great nuisance value. An industry that completely ignores conservation requirements is going to find its image rather tarnished. If you call that forcing them, fair enough. But I am against any kind of physical or legal force irresponsibly and unnecessarily used.

None of us until very lately realized how big and serious this problem is. And now that we do realize it, I would like to assume that the chaps who are creating these problems are intelligent and sensible, often public-spirited people. If we can say what the problem is in a way that opens new options, new methods for attacking the problem, they will in their own interests cooperate. There are many, many cases where this has happened. I don't like the idea of turning ecology into a crusade. Ecology is a science; it is not a crusade.

BRANDON: If you were put in charge,

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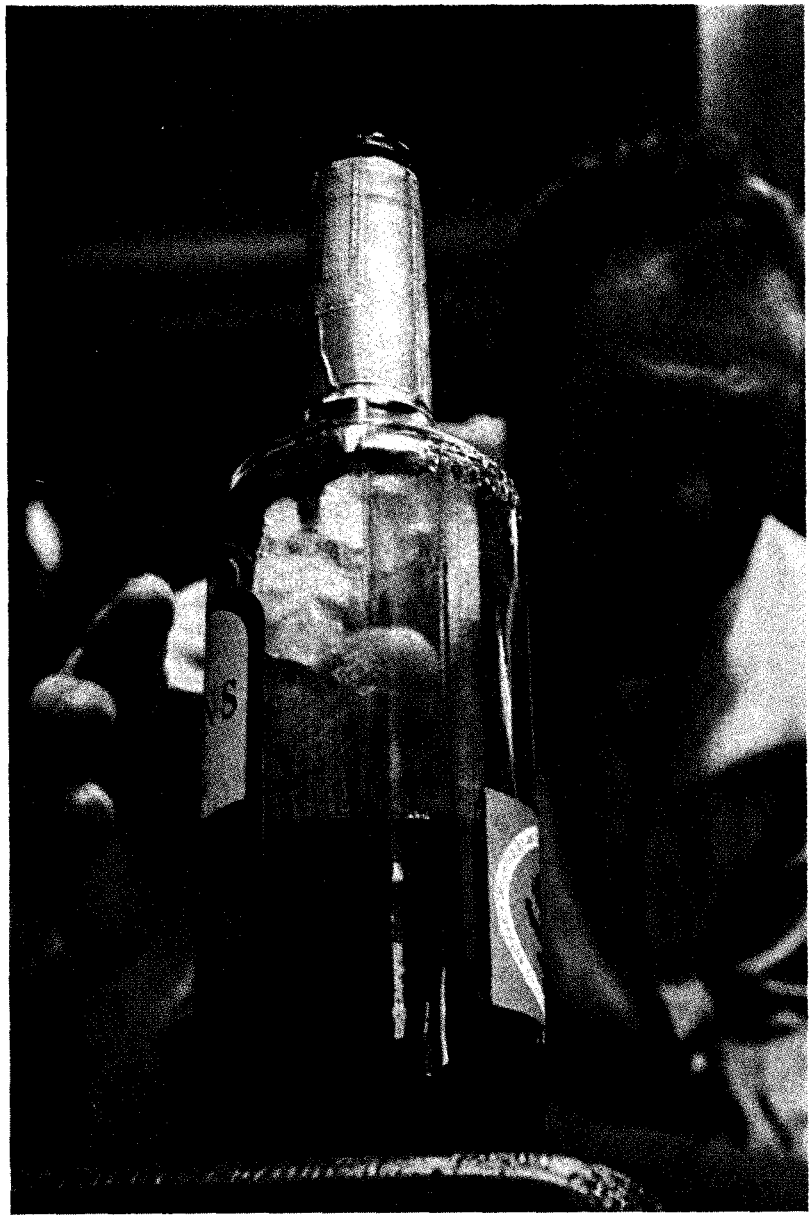
"Harry's loaded again... I say let's fire him"



You may have seen this advertisement when it appeared several months ago. Because of the seriousness of alcoholism, we are repeating the advertisement for those who missed it.

Harry is a great guy, really. Everybody says so. Darned good welder, too.

Except when he's drinking. And Harry seems to be drinking most of the time.

Because of alcohol Harry missed 11 days from work last month. What do you do with an employee like Harry? Fire him?

Here at Bethlehem we have a better solution. Better for Harry, better for us. We've developed a corporation-wide alcoholism program built on rehabilitation. Each employee with a drinking problem is urged to seek help through this plan.

It's working, too. In the five years of the program's life, over 60% of the enrollees have made dramatic progress toward recovery. Some cases are, of course, hopeless. Such people simply cannot hold a job.

The alcoholic is a person with a serious illness; indeed, alcoholism is the nation's #1 neglected health problem. Yet there's a better than even chance that the problem drinker can be saved from his affliction.

Typically, the alcoholic is talented and intelligent. To discard him, then, is indefensible. To try to salvage him is the only answer, on both economic and humanitarian grounds.

We hope we are seeing the dawn of a day when every business and every citizen views the alcoholic for what he is: sick, but not sickening.

BETHLEHEM STEEL

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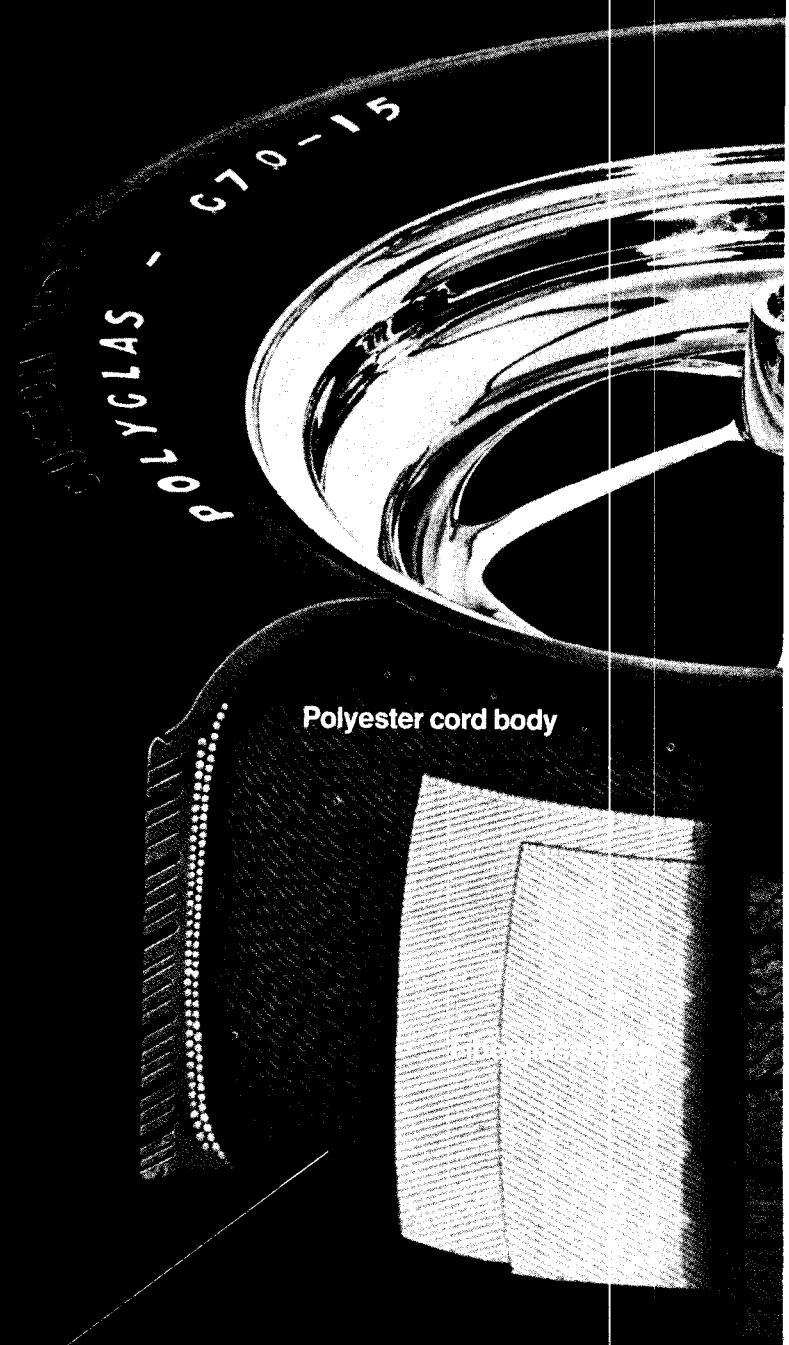
The inside secret of this



It's the polyester cord body

You see it here—it's the very heart of this Custom Wide Tread Polyglas tire.

What makes polyester unique is that it combines the strength of nylon with the smooth ride of rayon.

So you get a tire that softens the hard knocks—and rolls over the bumps while absorbing the shocks.

Two tough fiberglass belts

In this Goodyear Polyglas tire, we've securely bonded the polyester cord body to two tough fiberglass cord belts—using a special polyester adhesive system known only to Goodyear.

These belts help to hold the rugged tread firm and flat on the road for mileage and traction.

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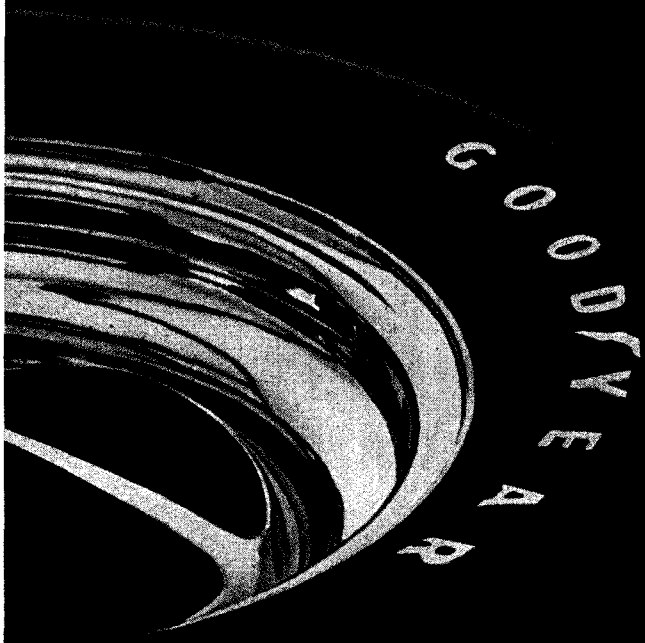
Goodyear Polyglas tire



Traction, Strength, and Mileage

A polyester cord body, two fiberglass belts, a big wide tread—that's the vital combination that goes into the construction of the Goodyear Custom Wide Tread Polyglas tire.

As a result, you get a combination of advantages...traction, strength, and mileage. And they all add up to value.

To make sure you're getting a Polyglas tire, just look at the sidewall: **If it doesn't say Goodyear, it can't be Polyglas.**

GOODYEAR

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Earth's curvature, as photographed from Apollo 12, is a thing of beauty and precision.

It's also a communications barrier. Earth-bound voice transmissions cannot effectively reach beyond the horizon. A relay satellite in orbit, however, can "see" nearly half the globe's surface at once.

With satellite technology we could put our telephone exchanges in orbit for less than the annual cost of new ground installations. Every person could have a portable phone and dial any number on Earth. Facsimile mail could be transmitted anywhere in a split second. A single world computer could hold the library of mankind, available to anyone anytime.

Our new vantage point in space holds tremendous potential for helping us down here on Earth.

Think about the possibilities.

The Boeing Company.

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where would you start cleaning up in the United States? After all, there are so many alternatives. You can't start on the entire front.

NICHOLSON: I don't feel that I have enough knowledge of the way United States institutions work. But there have been great conferences in the past. Theodore Roosevelt once called a conference of all the governors of the states on conservation, as long ago as 1908, I believe. He started then a great deal of conservation. I can't help thinking that that type of technique would be useful today in helping to break down the problems, so that one could get perhaps 100 or even 1,000 task forces. Some in an industry, some in a region or a locality on specific issues—on how to prevent the excessive logging of redwoods, or how to prevent nuclear tests from creating instabilities in the Earth's structure. There are many, many problems that are all clearly identifiable, and if you can find out who are the chaps who know about these problems, you can put them into a room and lock them up together until they come out with a solution.

BRANDON: What do you think of President Nixon's proposals as submitted to Congress up to now?

NICHOLSON: I would not like to comment too directly on what, after all, are the public and political affairs of a particular country, although I'm looking at it as an international biological program. But I would say that he has done good in making the idea of the environment and the need for action on it respectable. Whether the actual measures he has so far announced add up to anything substantial enough to represent a very serious attack on the problem, I would like to reserve judgment until I see how they work out in practice.

BRANDON: How does the science of ecology relate to environment?

NICHOLSON: This is a very important point. Conservation in America has historically been a sentimental, a missionary, and a political movement, and to some extent an economic movement involving an interest group. It has not, on the whole, been very strong.

Workers in the science of ecology in America have tended to live—I hope I won't hurt too many feelings—in ivory towers. They have not regarded the application of ecology to the environment as part of their job.

From my point of view, and from the view of the international ecological program, this is all wrong. We think that the science of ecology is basic to the environment for its application in conservation, in agriculture, in forestry, in city design, and so on. This is one of the confrontations that is taking place between conservation based on scientific ecology and conservation built on sentiment. You can see these two currents mixing rather like the turbulence in the wake of the jumbo jet. What will come out of that is anybody's guess. My money is on the application of the science of ecology to conservation rather than on the political sentimental approach.

BRANDON: What, then, are the needs for the future?

NICHOLSON: I think far more money and manpower should be put into ecological studies, into monitoring pollution. We don't know the simplest things about how much pollution there is and what its effects are. We need enormous programs for ecologists, and we need ecologists to work the programs, not just do what comes into their heads.

Ecology must be regarded as civilization's window onto what is taking place in the environment. The ecologists must realize that they have responsibilities and a very great opportunity. They must take that opportunity. They mustn't go on working so much in their ivory towers.

BRANDON: Do you really feel that a statistical basis can be provided?

NICHOLSON: Yes. It's partly statistical, because each ecologist has tended to think of his data as something he keeps in his head. We have to find a way of accurately comparing one set of data with another, and all over the world. This can be done. We're working on it. But ecologists have not on the whole been statistically minded, and most of the ecology that has been done so far is not designed to reach into the future. The ecology of the future must go into the future.

BRANDON: When, for instance, an organization such as the World Bank enters this sphere, as it plans to, what do you expect from it?

NICHOLSON: Its proper duties are to scrutinize projects when it receives them and to decide whether they are financially and economically sound, also whether they are ecologically sound. We hope that the World Bank will take enough advice to make sure that it doesn't put money into schemes that are going to lead to erosion, to destruction of water yield, or to many other evils that have resulted from schemes entirely designed by engineers and economists.

BRANDON: This is what you call ecologically sound.

NICHOLSON: Yes. I think this is what the Bank will do. We are not trying to sign on the Bank as a fully paid member of the fighting conservationists. That is not our idea. Our idea is to help the Bank form a more comprehensive appraisal of the factors governing the choice of investments.

BRANDON: How large, how powerful is this ecological community?

NICHOLSON: This is almost an impossible question to answer because there are so many different types of ecology. After all, there's marine, fresh water, and terrestrial ecology, and micro-ecology. Some of it goes under the name of geography and under various other labels. But by any count it's a very small element compared to what it needs to be. There's no doubt that in terms of the requirements in 1971 we are ecologically insolvent. We haven't the manpower or the resources to meet the requirements that face us.

"Really, Ellen, you wanted me to relax. Okay, I'm relaxing."

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THE ENVIRONMENT BOOM

All signs point to a doubling of available jobs in environment management by 1980.

by ODOM FANNING

On the basis of present evidence, I feel confident in predicting near-future developments in the environment. This prediction is based on two mandates from the Congress: the National Environmental Policy Act of 1969, sponsored primarily by Senator Henry M. Jackson of Washington, and the Environmental Quality Improvement Act of 1970, sponsored primarily by Senator Edmund S. Muskie of Maine. These two laws establish a permanent policy and program. From them, I have made five fundamental assumptions:

1) This policy will be continued indefinitely by the Congress. Both parties support it with equal fervor.

2) Any prospective President of the United States, for the foreseeable future, will have to be an ardent environmentalist. Otherwise, he could not be elected.

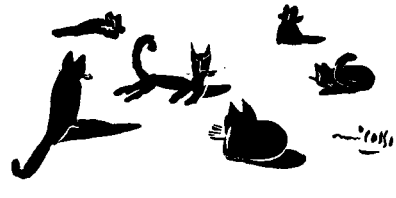
3) The federal government will continue to reorganize to implement the laws passed by the Congress to push environmental programs. The reorganization plans of 1970 moved toward logical consolidation, but most Washington observers agreed that they will be followed by more reorganizations.

4) Business and industry will accommodate to the environmental clamor because they inevitably follow the market and respond to market demand. If there is profit in pollution, business will pollute. If there is more profit in less pollution, business will lessen the pollution. If there is no profit in any pollution, business will eliminate the pollution with surprising rapidity. And that is clearly what we already are seeing. Not overnight, because the technology is not available. Not even soon, because we didn't start until yesterday. But rapidly, far more rapidly than businessmen generally thought possible as recently as 1970. To the manufacturer, the retailer, the individual, the cost of cleanup is unavoidable. Not just for good housekeeping—for survival.

5) Public opinion will continue to favor environmental concerns. The environment is a cause around which young people, regardless of differences, can unite. As the mass media of communications usually follow rather than lead, they will continue to respond to these demands. Through opinion feedback, they will help to build further public interest, which will be mobilized into further public action.

Conservation and restoration of the environment can be accomplished only by people working at it. And only part of the work can be volunteer, non-paid—important though that will continue to be. Most of the active participants, and the most effective, will be full-time professionals and paraprofessionals employed at various levels of government and private industry, or in consulting or service firms.

How many such people will be gainfully employed in the United States by 1980? Surprisingly, no one really knows. Only in a few areas of environmental management—notably recreation and parks and environmental protection—have responsible agencies conducted manpower surveys and made logical projections. In my opinion, most of these projections are unrealistically conservative. The Bureau of Labor Statistics' fundamental assumptions about the economy are far more bullish than any official or unofficial estimates of manpower needs. I choose to be far more bullish about the future of the environment, too, than many cynics today, for to me it seems logical. You cannot turn on a spigot of public demand for environmental quality and expect only a trickle of institutional response.



I believe that environmental management is going to be the fastest growing area of industry, public services, and the economy for at least the next decade and probably much longer. I rest my case on the assumptions I have stated about the economy and about the environment, on the few projections available, on educated hunches that democratic processes are ideally suited to respond to a youthful fervor for revolutionary, though peaceful, social change, and on the belief that the young people of America are not going to drop the environmental cause.

The table below lists, by major disciplines, the total environmental manpower available in 1970 and what I estimate will be the needs of 1980.

	Practitioners in 1970	Practitioners needed 1980
Ecology	4,300	12,000
Geology	22,800	33,400
Geophysics	6,800	10,400
Meteorology	4,000	12,000
Oceanography	5,800	40,000
Forestry	25,000	37,000
Forestry Aids	13,000	23,800
Range Management	6,000	8,000
Soil Conservation	26,000	30,000
Wildlife Conservation	15,000	20,000
Fisheries Conservation	4,500	7,500
Recreation and Parks	215,790	220,000
Architecture	34,000	61,600
Engineering (Construction and Consulting)	40,000	70,000
Landscape Architecture	8,500	14,500
Urban Planning	7,000	16,600
Environmental Protection	217,500	565,000

As the figures show, I believe that the five areas of environmental management—ecology, earth sciences, resources and recreation, environmental design, and environmental protection—will grow from 655,990 professional and paraprofessional jobs in 1970 to 1,181,800 such jobs by 1980—close to an unprecedented doubling in one decade.

Who will mobilize and energize the resources to motivate and recruit the needed young men and women . . . to build and expand the schools to educate them . . . to develop the science and technology to enable them to solve our pressing environmental problems . . . to expand our economy so that we can afford to do what we want to do . . . to send to Washington, and the statehouses and courthouses, statesmen and politicians and public administrators who will develop the needed programs?

All of us will.

ODOM FANNING, a Washington, D.C., science writer, was editor-in-chief, for President Nixon's Council on Environmental Quality, of *The First Annual Report on Environmental Quality (1970)*. The text above is adapted from his new book, *Opportunities in Environmental Careers*, published by Vocational Guidance Manuals.

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THE "LOST GENIUS" DEBATE

Is the intelligence of the species endangered if talented people have fewer offspring?

by PAUL R. EHRLICH and JOHN P. HOLDREN

Many opponents of population control argue that "intelligent" people have a special obligation to breed prolifically in order to maintain or increase the average intelligence of the species. A particularly unsophisticated version of this argument, which surfaces periodically in letters-to-the-editor columns, asks, "How many potential Lincolns, Einsteins, and Gandhis have we lost to abortion and contraception?" (A cynic might prefer to ask how many potential Hitlers have been "lost.")

More thoughtful critics focus on voluntary birth control programs, fearing that the more intelligent segment of the population will perform more responsibly in limiting the number of offspring. Since intelligence has a genetic component, and since natural selection is the differential reproduction of genetic types, such a situation would constitute natural selection against intelligence. A related argument holds that all voluntary population control measures are doomed to failure, because they lead by their very nature to selection favoring noncooperators.

The "lost genius" argument, which can also be expressed as the proposition that rapid population growth will produce enough geniuses to solve the attendant problems, is the more easily rebutted. Let us be specific: Intelligence has both genetic *and* environmental components. The latter include adequacy of diet, amount of parental attention in early childhood, general home environment, access to educational opportunities, and the existence of an education system capable of recognizing and stimulating gifted children. Deficiencies in these factors inhibit the realization of genetic potential; in other words, they suppress genius.

There is reason to believe, then, that the fastest and surest route to increasing the supply of geniuses available for tackling mankind's problems is to alleviate those environmental conditions that operate against the development of intelligence today. Continued population growth, of course, is a regressive force in this struggle: It helps to perpetuate prenatal and infant malnutrition (which has been linked persuasively to mental retardation), it dilutes efforts to relieve the cultural and esthetic oppressiveness of the ghetto, and it aggravates the shortcomings of educational systems. On the level of the individual family, it may diminish the parental attention per child and, in some cases, force older children to forgo education in favor of breadwinning. Indeed, there is some statistical evidence to suggest that a majority of high achievers come from small families. It is foolish, then, to seek more geniuses through population growth; such a course simply abets the continued environmental suppression of intelligence in the *existing* crop of potential geniuses (as well as in the new arrivals).

The existence of an environmental component in mental ability also weakens the more interesting argument concerning natural selection against intelligence. It is true, of course, that if people of less inherent mental ability consistently outbreed those of greater inherent ability, natural selection will inevitably lower the average "genetic intelligence" in the population. Since today we cannot even accurately define or test for innate intelligence, the long-term importance of such a trend is difficult to assess. It is clear, however, that the time scale for significant change in the genetic composition of the population is long (several generations), and that such changes are, in principle, reversible in a like amount of time. It also seems probable that they can be more than compensated for by manipulating environmental factors on a much shorter time scale.

To grasp the slowness of natural selection against intelligence, consider the following extreme example. Suppose we could measure the genetic component of intelligence, and that our population consisted of two groups of equal size, one with "genetic IQ" averaging 90, the other averaging 110. The overall average "genetic IQ" would then be 100. Suppose further that the more intelligent group immediately restricted its breeding so as to achieve and maintain zero population growth, while the less intelligent group grew at 1.5 per cent per year (half again as fast as the present U.S. growth rate). After ninety years of this extreme imbalance, the average "genetic IQ" of the total population would have dropped six points, to 94. This amount is comparable to the difference in IQ scores achieved on different days by the same individual, using present tests. Under more reasonable assumptions, of course, the change in average "genetic IQ" would be even slower than suggested by this simple example.

A useful, although oversimplified, view of the interaction between heredity and environment in determining intelligence is that individual genetic endowment establishes a potential *range* for IQ. Environmental factors then govern where within that range of intelligence an individual actually falls. Thus, two individuals might have identical genetically determined ranges in IQ—say 110 to 135—while one has an actual IQ of 112 and the other 132. Such a view gives reason to hope that even if the "genetic IQ" dropped a few points over the next century or two owing to overbreeding by the less intelligent, improvements in the intellectual, psychological, and nutritional environments could overcome this handicap and *raise* the actual average IQ a few points.

We do not suggest, of course, that overbreeding by *any* segment of the population should be viewed with equanimity. Population growth in general makes it less likely that needed improvements in nutrition, education, and cultural environment will be achieved. Most importantly, population growth is correlated with frightening short-term threats to humanity in the form of persistent poisons in the environment (lead and mercury, for example, attack the brain), the erosion of ecosystem stability, the interference with climate, and increasingly favorable conditions for epidemic.

In the face of such threats to the immediate future of the species, the preoccupation of some intellectuals with a reversible and probably easily compensated decline in genetic intelligence, over a period of many generations, seems a feeble rationalization for their own reproductive irresponsibility. They would do better to concentrate on alleviating the environmental suppression of intelligence potential, which is particularly acute for our poor, our minorities, and even our women. The result of successful efforts should be an increase in average measured intelligence and, hopefully, an attendant and self-reinforcing decline in the growth rate of population—a situation much to be preferred to the self-defeating course of attempting to outbreed the mentally less endowed.

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Earth Watch

Worldwide Environment Notes

Monitoring Air Stagnation

SILVER SPRING, MD.

THE NATIONAL WEATHER SERVICE has been placing specially trained and equipped meteorological teams in major pollution-prone cities to give expert advice to local pollution-control agencies. Known as EMSUs (environmental meteorological support units), the teams make local forecasts of air stagnation and issue what are called air stagnation advisories—notifications that the atmosphere is such that a pollutant admitted into it will not be sufficiently diluted or dispersed. The advisories enable local control authorities to take abatement measures in time to prevent serious air pollution episodes.

These meteorological teams are already operating in Los Angeles, St. Louis, Chicago, Cleveland, Washington, Philadelphia, and New York. By July, additional teams are slated to be functioning in San Francisco, Seattle, Denver, Houston, Louisville, Pittsburgh, and Boston. By 1974, the Weather Service hopes to have twenty-six EMSUs in operation throughout the country.

Twice a day, at sunrise and at noon, each team releases a balloon with a small radio transmitter attached. The transmitter is tracked electronically as it ascends. It sends back continuous signals that are converted into vertical profiles of the wind, temperature, and relative humidity—the basic measurements that are needed for predicting air stagnation.

All the cities in which EMSU teams operate have some form of multi-stage air pollution alert system that is keyed to the stagnation forecasts. As the seriousness of the alert increases from the warning stage to the ultimate emergency stage, city control authorities are empowered to take progressively more stringent actions. Pollution-abatement measures may start with round-the-clock meteorological monitoring and end with the prohibiting of all vehicular traffic within the city.

Thermal Pollution Standards

CHICAGO.

WATER QUALITY officials of three of the four states bordering Lake Michigan have agreed to thermal pollution standards suggested by William D. Ruckelshaus, administrator of the new federal Environmental Protection Agency.

Representatives of Wisconsin, Indiana, and Michigan accepted proposals that would require existing and future nuclear and fossil-fueled power plants on the lake's shores to install cooling towers or other temperature control devices. Illinois, which has a nuclear plant without cooling towers currently under construction, refused to go along.

The thermal pollution standard accepted by the three states would prevent discharges that would raise the natural temperature of the lake's water more than three degrees F. at a point 1,000 feet from the discharge.

Coastline First Aid

AUSTIN, TEX.

TEXAS HAS 367 miles of coastline, 760 square miles of marshland, and 2,100 square miles of bays and estuaries. Like other coastal states, Texas is concerned about marine resource management, land use, and pollution within its coastal zone. Accordingly, Governor Preston Smith last year set up an interim Advisory Committee on Marine Resources. The committee organized the first conference on coastal zone development ever held in the state's history. The conference was attended by 317 conservationists, industrialists, academicians, and representatives from all levels of government.

In a recently published report, "Goals for Texas in the Coastal Zone and the Sea," the committee outlined its findings and made recommendations based on the conference work.

Land-use management was held to be the major problem. The creation of a new state authority to deal with the coastal region was one of several recommendations. The report endorsed the Governor's suggestion that an Environmental Defense Fund be established to meet expenses incurred in environmental cleanup activities when the source of damage cannot be clearly determined.

Meanwhile, a consortium of twelve state agencies known as the Interagency Natural Resources Council is working at the direction of the state legislature on a comprehensive study of the coastal zone designed to result in a legislative program through which the state can develop its marine and coastal resources while still protecting the environment.

Anti-Pollution Outlays

CAPITAL SPENDING for pollution control increased "significantly" from 1969 to 1970 among 271 manufacturing companies, according to a survey recently released by the Conference Board (formerly known as the National Industrial Conference Board).

The survey shows an expenditure by the companies of $487.2-million on pollution facilities in 1970, an increase of 24 per cent over the 1969 outlay of $394-million. Of the 1970 total, $275-million went into water pollution control and $212-million into air pollution control.

More than 75 per cent of the 1970 spending came from four industries. The paper and allied products industry was the highest spender with an outlay of over $100-million. The petroleum and coal industry spent $97-million; the chemical and allied products industry, $96-million. The iron and steel industry, which headed the list in 1969 with $115-million, spent $77-million in 1970.

Continued industrial spending on pollution control, even in a recession year, is attributed to new laws and strong government and citizen action.

The Under-Eighteen Vote

NEW YORK.

AIR AND WATER pollution was voted the nation's No. 1 problem by about 22,000 senior high school students in a poll conducted in 500 schools by the National Institute of Student Opinion, an arm of Scholastic Magazines, Inc.

A list of eight problems facing the country was presented in the poll. Students were asked to check the three issues they considered the most important. The vote, tabulated by percentages, was as follows:

	Boys	Girls
Air/water pollution	63	55
Drug abuse	48	54
Vietnam	48	51
Inflation	39	35
Crime	39	33
Race relations	24	24
Hunger and poverty	18	30
Communism	21	18

A poll involving the SST was taken before the recent crucial votes in the House and Senate. Polled were 65,000 junior and senior high school students in 1,600 schools. In that vote, 52 per cent of the boys and 58 per cent of the girls were against more funds for the

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supersonic transport, 31 per cent of the boys and 21 per cent of the girls favored more funds, and 17 per cent of the boys and 21 per cent of the girls had no opinion.

Scholastic Magazines, Inc., conducts four polls a year on current issues in four of its junior and senior high school magazines, which have a combined circulation of three million. The results are passed along to school executives, the news media, Washington lawmakers, and other opinion molders.

New Institute of Ecology

WASHINGTON, D.C. INCORPORATION PAPERS have been filed here for the Inter-American Institute of Ecology. The new institute, under study for more than two years by the Ecological Society of America, will bring together experts from many scientific disciplines and institutions in the United States, Canada, and Mexico to consider such major problems as the global circulation through the biosphere of elements essential to life and substances poisonous to life.

The institute will have an office of forecasting and planning to predict ecological changes and plan means of dealing with them before they reach crisis proportions. It will serve in addition as a clearinghouse of ecological information.

"We hope the institute will increase fundamental knowledge and understanding," said Dr. Robert F. Inger, chairman of scientific programs at Chicago's Field Museum of Natural History and a principal institute founder. "And we hope it will provide a means for converting that understanding into meaningful social action."

To Save a Village

AUVERS-SUR-OISE, FRANCE. THIS SMALL TOWN twenty miles northwest of Paris, immortalized by Impressionist painters and classified by the government as a national monument, is imperiled by a projected new 330-foot-wide expressway that would cut through it.

Although Auvers contains no architectural treasures, its proximity to Paris made it a convenient subject for such painters as Pissarro, Cézanne, Vlaminck, and Van Gogh. The last canvas Van Gogh painted—"Wheatfield with Crows"—was done in the plains outside the town. A few days later, he shot himself to death at the same spot. Both he and his brother Théo are buried in the local graveyard.

The highway is meant to relieve traffic bound from Paris to Normandy and is apparently favored by some local authorities. Other authorities oppose it, and a group of artists and actors in Paris is collecting signatures for a petition to the national government to halt the project.

French art lovers rally to save the subject of this Cézanne canvas—Auvers-sur-Oise—from destruction by highway bulldozers.

Warning on Smoking Hazard

LONDON. STARTING THIS SUMMER, cigarettes manufactured in Great Britain will carry a health warning on their packaging in clear type reading, "Warning by H.M. Government: Smoking can damage your health."

A similar warning has been printed on American cigarette packages since 1966. But whereas cigarette advertising on television has been banned in Britain since 1965, the ban began on U.S. television only this year.

The British tobacco industry agreed to the warning voluntarily after many months of negotiation with government representatives.

The accord was announced ten weeks after the Royal College of Physicians issued its second report in nine years on the hazards of smoking. The report said that deaths from smoking had reached "epidemic proportions," totaling an estimated 27,000 Britons annually, and claimed that a 35-year-old man who smokes an average of fifteen cigarettes a day could, on the average, expect to shorten his life by about five-and-a-half years.

Among the recommendations included in the report were that life insurance companies consider lower premiums for non-smokers, that the tar and nicotine contents of all cigarette brands be published, and that a standing government committee be established to coordinate smoking controls.

Quiet über Alles

NEU-OBERBOLHEIM, WEST GERMANY. THE VILLAGERS OF Oberbolheim, some twenty miles west of Bonn, had long complained about the din created at the West German Air Force Base built on their doorstep at Nörvenich and enlarged in 1960 to accommodate Starfighter jets. Doctors blamed the jet noise for the village's high incidence of miscarriages, heart attacks, and stomach ulcers. Legal action was threatened. The Ministry of Defense finally hit on a novel solution—move the village.

A brand new town—Neu-Oberbolheim—was built two miles away from the old village on the other side of the Nörvenich Woods. Fifty cottages and a few blocks of apartments house the 225 residents who stuck it out in the old village until the move could be made. Streets have been paved, and remaining muddy patches will be planted in grass.

The entire project, which took seven years to complete, cost the Defense Ministry less than $4-million, a spokesman said. The townspeople are certain the venture cost more than that.

Despite the dampening effect of the woods now interposed between the village and the air base runway, jets can still be heard as pilots practice take-offs and landings and roar off on simulated missions. But the noise level has been diminished and the villagers seem well pleased in their new homes. "For us a new life has begun," the Burgomaster of Neu-Oberbolheim observed. "The Defense Ministry was very generous."

—SALLY LINDSAY.

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Youth, Dollars, and Development

Continued from page 25

economic planners in Malaysia. The Malaysians, like many people in the developing countries, are questioning seriously whether they should follow the American pattern of industrialization, fearing that it leads inescapably to a fouling of the air, land, and water. I told them that industrialization need not inevitably mean pollution; that rather, they could profit from our mistakes. I urged them to establish at the very start the needed standards and regulations that we are only now getting around to enforcing. I could not, however, be altogether convincing, for even as I was talking they were reading arguments from conservationists in this country demanding a sharp deceleration in the growth of our own GNP.

It is, I think, terribly important that neither we nor our friends in the developing countries accept the cultist view that increased production per se is anti-development. Were production in this country to be stalled at its present level, the number of unemployed would go from the current five million persons to twelve or fifteen million over the next five years (unless we drastically cut our work week). By the same token, to declare a moratorium on increased production and do nothing about cleaning up the environment would merely perpetuate the pollution we already have. The critical determinants are: 1) the conditions we set on how we produce, and 2) the priorities we set for the use of our increased resources.

Unquestionably, we would have a better chance of changing present priorities if we were able to reduce our defense budget. But I am troubled by the either/or mentality which holds that as long as military expenditures are at today's level, development will be impossible. For instance, the understandable disillusionment over the war moves many otherwise liberal civil rights and welfare leaders not only to say, "We're wasting money in Vietnam," but to argue, "We're wasting money *abroad;* let's use it all at home."

Their assumption—that we don't have enough money to engage in development both here and abroad—would be valid only if we were to gauge our resources exclusively in terms of the federal budget, which now runs $200-billion. The true index is our Gross National Product, which exceeds a thousand billion dollars. Subtracting from the GNP the $70-billion-plus that we spend for defense still leaves us with more than $900-billion worth of goods and services. If we had a more reasonable balance between public and private expenditures, I have no doubt that we could meet our domestic needs and at the same time provide as much help abroad as could be effectively invested; in realistic terms, we are talking about no more than $5- to $10-billion a year.

During the more than twenty years that the United States has been working in international development, we have acquired the technical knowledge and mechanisms that for the first time in the history of mankind could bring into realistic focus the age-old dream of peace and abundance. The great tragedy is that official U.S. policy is still foundering on the two polarized views that motivated the Marshall Plan in 1948: one essentially charitable—to help the poor and displaced, even if they were our former enemies; the other frankly self-serving—to keep communism at bay.

Such a rationale was enough to sustain us in our postwar effort to rehabilitate the advanced industrialized nations of Western Europe. But much more is required for success in the poor countries of Asia, Africa, and Latin America, a fact that many of us have yet to acknowledge. While Europe needed funds chiefly to get back on its feet and had the skilled administrators to handle them, developing countries not only need good management and resources that will flow over a long and carefully scheduled time frame; they also need programs grounded in a respect for cultural diversity.

In the past, our political leaders might have recognized the need for a new philosophy; they would have seen that an old Marshall Plan cannot be successfully overlaid on newly developing countries. But we are at a perilous time in our history when our leaders seem to act only after a change in public attitude. And if we cannot, through reason and debate, change our attitude, then we must expect the international equivalent of such tragedies as Watts and Newark, Detroit and Washington. In a world made much smaller by jets and much closer by the miracle of satellite communications, the deprived, depressed, and exploited are no longer content to live under conditions that man clearly has the means to correct.

Where lies the hope for a massive change in attitude? I believe that it may lie with the million-and-a-half young people who will be walking for development next weekend. For the last few years, I have worked with many of these "walkers," most of whom are still in high school. I have come to admire not only their idealism and their ability to ask the right questions but their organizational skills as well. In my opinion, they constitute an exciting and promising new current in our public life. Neither of a revolutionary mentality nor inclined to withdraw from a world they deem too messy, they are convinced that the U.S. system can yet be made to work, not merely for Americans but for all the peoples of the world.

Although the youth of Young World Development come mostly from reasonably well-to-do, suburban, white, middle-class families, they are reaching out deliberately and sensitively to involve blacks and other minorities. The walks planned for Southern cities have, almost without exception, been organized by integrated local teams. In this sense, the young people are trying to make them not only walks for international development but dramatic examples of development here at home.

The crucial question is: Will the U.S. adult majority get their message?

"If you like, you may put on a mild and brief demonstration for the benefit of the TV audience."

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Booked for Travel

Continued from page 46

fence, a curious leftover. We were standing in a group—three Americans, two Israelis, and a Japanese—gaping at the little house and also trying to pick a pub to visit when three young Japanese girls walked up and said hello. Soon the nine of us were talking on the street corner, and when we had chosen a place to go, the three girls—waitresses and maids at a big Tokyo hotel—asked if they could come along. Why not?

Strangely, my Japanese friend was the only one who harbored any suspicion toward the girls. "Do you think they are pros?" he asked me, as we trooped through the streets. The three were devoting more time talking with the women in our group than with the men. "If they are," I said, "they are very unorthodox." At the Apple Disco, a darkened and almost empty den, the three asked to pay their own way. After talking and dancing for a short while, they thanked us all profusely and left. When we six got up to leave, a few young Japanese men standing around the bar showered us with good-bys and so-longs. I wondered if they were mocking, but an old Tokyo hand in our group insisted it was a sincere and customary Shinjuku farewell.

Another night, in a light spring rain, I prowled the Shibuya district, whose narrow twisting streets are honeycombed with little cafés, coffee shops, and tempura bars. I ducked into a place called the Black Hawk and there found another side of modern Tokyo life: students taking their ease. The place was arranged more like a classroom than a pub, with little school desks serving as seats. There were large photographs of the Beatles on the wall, rock music was filling every pore, and in the desks sat young Japanese, some reading, some studying, some dozing, only a few moving or talking. "Vive anarchey" was scrawled on my desk.

These were not the eager, accommodating Japanese one is used to meeting on the streets. Only now and then did our eyes meet, but there was no hostility, only indifference. Japanese students can stage a fevered, anti-American demonstration in the afternoon and politely share a coffee-shop table with American visitors that night. Of course, the "demos" have toned down since the tumultuous days of 1968-69, and during my stay the only news made by students was at the site of the new airport at Narita, forty miles from Tokyo, where they holed up in tunnels with local farmers to protest the take-over of land.

I drank my coffee and let the music seep in. The strains of protest seemed at once near and very far away.

Theater

Continued from page 16

Indeed, one might complain that the tremendous potential emotion of the subject matter is too seldom detonated. While this may be endemic to the modern malaise, it makes the dramatic action unsatisfying. On the other hand, one cannot help but marvel at the collaborators' audacious and creative contributions. Which, you might say, make *Follies* the winner by a technical knockout.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

THE American College Theater Festival has just completed its third year of operation in the nation's capital. The ten productions selected from 235 entries were Aristophanes' *The Clouds* (University of Massachusetts); a musical version of Aristophanes' *The Birds* (Cleveland State University); Molière's *The Imaginary Invalid* (University of Evansville); Buchner's *Woyzeck* (University of North Carolina); Percy Mackaye's *The Scarecrow* (Southwest Minnesota State); William Saroyan's *The Time of Your Life* (East Texas State University); Harold Pinter's *The Caretaker* (Southern Illinois University); Ron Ribman's *Harry, Noon and Night* (State University of New York, Albany); Arthur Kopit's *Indians* (University of Kansas); and Omar Paxson's *The Ballad of Sanki Merser* (Occidental College).

The last, the only completely new work in this year's festival, turned out to be a highly original play on a prevalent American theme. The story, making use of songs by Frank Denson and of some extremely effective rear-projection effects, followed the frustrated efforts of a young boy to communicate with his family and to get them to accept his sister's marriage to a black man. In the end, he leaves home and goes to live with his sister and her husband. This resolution is sad in its implication that the generation gap is impassable, but joyous in its recognition of the new sensibility of our young people.

The American College Theater Festival is made possible by the Smithsonian Institution, the Kennedy Center, the American National Theater and Academy, the American Educational Theater Association, and by three business corporations, American Airlines, American Express, and the American Oil Company. It is a worthwhile partnership of business and the performing arts that demonstrates to our colleges these industries' concern for improving the quality of American life.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 38: nave, evan, vane.

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(Continued on page 68)

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UP-TIGHT ABOUT THE ENVIRONMENT? Before you do something about it, get the facts on solid waste, air and water pollution. Send $2.00 for ENVIRONMENTAL PACKET, #426C, League of Women Voters, 1730 M Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

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HIGHLY CREATIVE, PERSONABLE, young woman with seven years' diversified experience reporting, public relations, copywriting, promotion and production seeks job in New York City. Available immediately. Box B-88.

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GOING AWAY THIS SUMMER? Creative, loving student, age 15, fabulous references, desires mother's helper position out of NYC. Daniella, Box B-195.

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CHILD-COMMUNITY PSYCHIATRIST, wife social worker and ecologist, seek position, preferably international. Box B-184.

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SCULPTOR desires to design and construct individualized house for client. 617-355-2004.

CAMP COUNSELOR, girl, 18. Equitation, art, swimming. Also accept child care vacation place. Box B-165.

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EUROPEAN-FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT—Detailed report on currently available jobs—Europe, Australia, Africa. $3.00. Eurojob Report, Box 52643-R, Lafayette, Louisiana 70501.

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 942-R, Belmont, California 94002.

"AUSTRALIAN OPPORTUNITIES HANDBOOK"—Latest information about Government Paid Transportation, Employment, Business, Farming, Housing, Education . . . plus "Employers' List" and Forms. Send $1.00 International Services, Box 19107-MT, Washington, D.C. 20036.

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PARADISE REGAINED—Vermont hilltop, large Cape Cod, modern as tomorrow. Panoramic mountain views. Approximately 4½ acres. By appointment. Robert White, Bradford, Vermont. 802-222-4644.

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FRANCE, ROYAN—4 bedroom house. Near beaches, language center. September-June. $145. Johnson, 16 rue Orchidees, Paris (13e).

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For Summer/Fall Rental

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CAPE COD could be the answer for your retirement or vacation home. You will find many advantages: the relaxed atmosphere of the 15 seaside villages, the clean unpolluted air and water, the chances for a life as full of interest and activity as you wish. There are many good values, ranging from the modest to waterfront property. And if you don't build or move right away, your investment will continue to grow. Send for free booklet, "A Wonderful Way of Life," Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce, Hyannis 9, Massachusetts 02601.

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MANHATTAN—West Village floor through. Large kitchen, bedroom. June 10th-September 10th. $350. 212-OR 5-7264.

SPACIOUS, 2 BEDROOM, 2 baths, furnished. June-September. $500 month. References. Manuel Diaz, 452 West 23rd, NYC, 10011. 212-243-4818.

MANHATTAN. 80's, Madison. Lovely 3 bedroom apartment, doorman. July 17th-August 14th. $550. Box B-220.

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WOODED ½ ACRE year-round homesites, with lakes, *mountains, privacy. Lakefront acreage for "common use"* plus adjacent Country Club activities. Approved by: Environmental Resources Commission, Water Resources Commission, Public Health Commission. Write, call EDGEWOOD LAKES, Livingston Manor, N.Y. 12758.

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(Continued from page 69)

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

LIVING-EARNING OPPORTUNITY Hyannis, Cape Cod. 18 room, 6 bath, guest house. Has provided good living for ten years from just the summer season. Ill health forces sale. Details, Boyd, Langdon, N.H. 603-835-6037.

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VACATIONS

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VERMONT—The Beckoning Country: Beauty, history, covered bridges, mountains, lakes, fishing, boating, auctions, antiques. Most charming, immaculate, well-maintained inn. Elevator, sprinkler, swimming pool, chip & putt greens. Exceptional food, beverages, air conditioning. Tel. 802-247-5766. Or write Brandon Inn, A Vermont Resort, Box 88, Brandon, Vermont 05733.

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SCHOONER TIMBERWIND SAILS MAINE COAST. Your week includes island hopping, new friends, wonderful food and exciting sailing. $150 weekly-no extras. For brochure: Schooner Timberwind, Box 247B, Rockport, Maine 04856.

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VACATIONS

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(Continued on page 72)

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SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

(Continued from page 71)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1934

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. "The History of ———": novel by Thackeray	49 96 102 154 162 164 193 195 232
B. Fear of dust	2 48 66 78 97 159 55 61 188 216 220 229
C. Where Abner smote Asahel (4 wds.; II Samuel, 2:23)	40 57 104 119 131 139 149 167 194 210 227 15 34 81 91 155
D. Protracted (comp.)	177 205 211 70 165 166 198 7 14 17 56 84
E. Foolish actions or utterances	85 106 129 90 99 111 114 160 172 191 20
F. Source of strychnine (2 wds.)	24 94 181 133 223 230 5 31 44
G. Zealots; fanatics	103 122 125 128 189 25 42 116 161 174 59
H. One can strike them anywhere, supposedly (2 wds.)	209 12 21 92 126 134 138 179 217 222 9 60 151 175
I. Sinclair Lewis novel	26 95 101 29 33 38 63 69 87 170
J. Quality or state of being indigenous	171 199 204 215 1 72 109 124 142 219
K. Come-downs, of a sort	228 121 135 11 76 83 148 190
L. In the very act of wrongdoing (comp.)	196 203 28 75 132 141 41 47 13
M. Excited, nervous	168 184 18 88 113 117 153 136
N. About to occur; imminent (3 wds.)	137 152 207 185 6 123 178 30 52
O. Ninth Century. English Saint, Bishop of Winchester	67 182 8 39 202 140 36
P. Of or having the form of a ground plan	143 176 214 3 54 74 146 208 112 225 58 130
Q. Appointed to a duty or office	86 192 77 147 71 80 45 226 16
R. "That rarest ——, Common Sense." (3 wds.; Meredith, "Modern Love")	120 173 145 46 93 43 64 19 37 100 201 156
S. British field marshal and statesman (1850-1916)	4 62 127 169 187 22 73 197 110
T. Made hostile	107 27 50 163 212 79 221 82 10 32 200
U. Novel by Peacock (2 wds.)	144 105 206 115 53 158 180 23 35 186 118 218 98 65
V. Pieces of orthorhombic mineral $MgSiO_3$	51 89 68 150 157 213 183 224 231 108

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

1 J	2 B	3 P	4 S	5 F	6 N	7 D	8 O	9 H	10 T		11 K	12 H	13 L	14 D	15 C		16 Q
17 D		18 M	19 R	20 E	21 H	22 S	23 U	24 F	25 G		26 I	27 T	28 L		29 I	30 N	31 F
32 T		33 I	34 C	35 U	36 O		37 R		38 I	39 O	40 C	41 L	42 G	43 R		44 F	45 Q
46 R	47 L	48 B	49 A	50 T	51 V	52 N		53 U	54 P		55 B	56 D	57 C	58 P	59 G	60 H	
61 B	62 S	63 I		64 R	65 U		66 B	67 O	68 V	69 I	70 D	71 Q	72 J	73 S	74 P		75 L
76 K	77 Q		78 B	79 T		80 Q		81 C	82 T	83 K		84 D	85 E	86 Q		87 I	88 M
89 V		90 E	91 C	92 H	93 R	94 F	95 I	96 A		97 B	98 U		99 E	100 R	101 I	102 A	103 G
104 C		105 U	106 E		107 T		108 V	109 J	110 S	111 E	112 P	113 M		114 E	115 U	116 G	117 M
	118 U	119 C	120 R	121 K	122 G		123 N	124 J	125 G	126 H		127 S	128 G	129 E		130 P	131 C
132 L	133 F	134 H	135 K		136 M	137 N	138 H		139 C	140 O	141 L		142 J	143 P	144 U		145 R
146 P	147 Q	148 K	149 C	150 V	151 H	152 N	153 M	154 A		155 C	156 R		157 V		158 U	159 B	160 E
161 G	162 A		163 T	164 A	165 D		166 D	167 C	168 M	169 S	170 I	171 J	172 E		173 R	174 Q	175 H
	176 P	177 D	178 N	179 H	180 U	181 F		182 O	183 V	184 M	185 N		186 U		187 S	188 B	189 G
190 K	191 E		192 Q	193 A		194 C	195 A	196 L	197 S		198 D	199 J	200 T		201 R	202 O	203 L
	204 J	205 D	206 U		207 N	208 P	209 H	210 C	211 D	212 T		213 V	214 P	215 J		216 B	217 H
218 U	219 J		220 B	221 T	222 H	223 F		224 V	225 P	226 Q		227 C	228 K	229 B	230 F	231 V	232 A

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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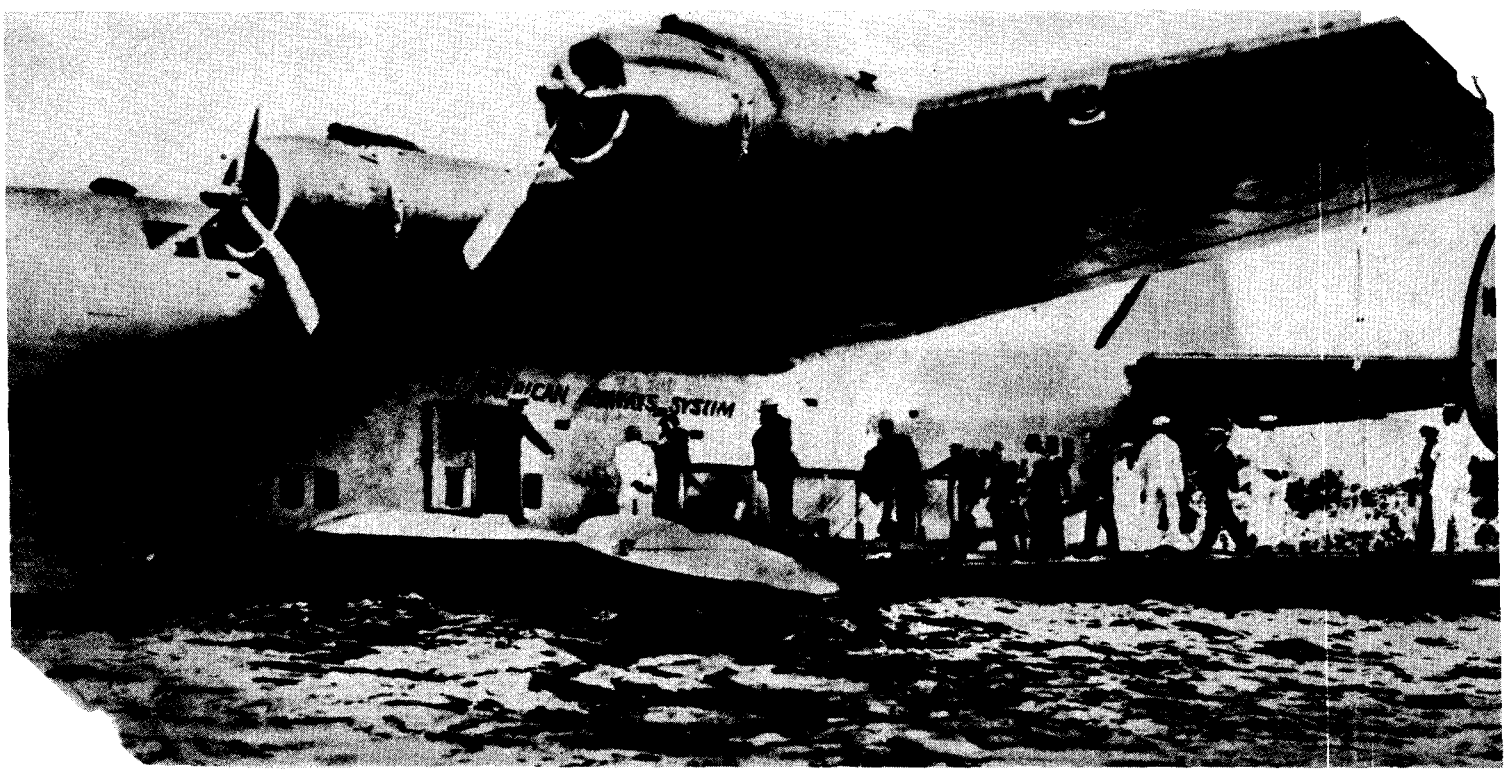
Why other to us for flying



June 28, 1939. The Pan Am Dixie Clipper about to depart on the first commercial passenger flight ever to cross the North Atlantic. In addition to opening the Atlar and Europe, Pan Am opened the Caribbean in '29; South America in '30; the Pacific in '35; Africa in '41; and then, in 1947, tied it all together with the first passenge flight ever to circle the globe. As our routes became longer our aircraft had to become better. So in 1928 we started having planes built to our own specifications. And nearly every major aircraft since then, including today's 747, has been built to standards laid down by us, and introduced to world service by us.

Every Pan Am Captain must pass seven decisive tests every year in order to remain a Captain: two physicals plus five intensive training periods in which his skills are not only continually being sharpened, but judged as well. The weird looking machine on the right will give you an idea of how demanding those tests are. It's a fully instrumented flight simulator used in the training of our 747 Captains. Built at a cost of $3½ million, it's computerized to "fly," handle a feel exactly like our real 747's. It can't be fooled. And neither can the man who meets its challenge.

It sounds a little crazy on the surface. One airline helping another airline become better, while both are fighting for the same passengers.

Yet it's been going on in the airline business from the day the first pilot coaxed his first paying passenger aboard.

And it's been going on at Pan Am® for over 40 years.

During that time we've helped over 30 of the world's airlines become better airlines. We've even helped six countries build airlines from scratch.

In 1970 alone, fifteen airlines (including a number of major ones) sent pilots and crews to us for advanced training.

The reason they come to us is that Pan Am, more than any other airline, is responsible for transforming flying from a primitive art into a precise science.

Some of the accomplishments of that science are shown here.

At "Pan Am University," as our schools have come to be known, birth is being given to others. Here, an average of 6,000 students a year are in the process of study, research, and training.

All to make your travels everything travel should be.

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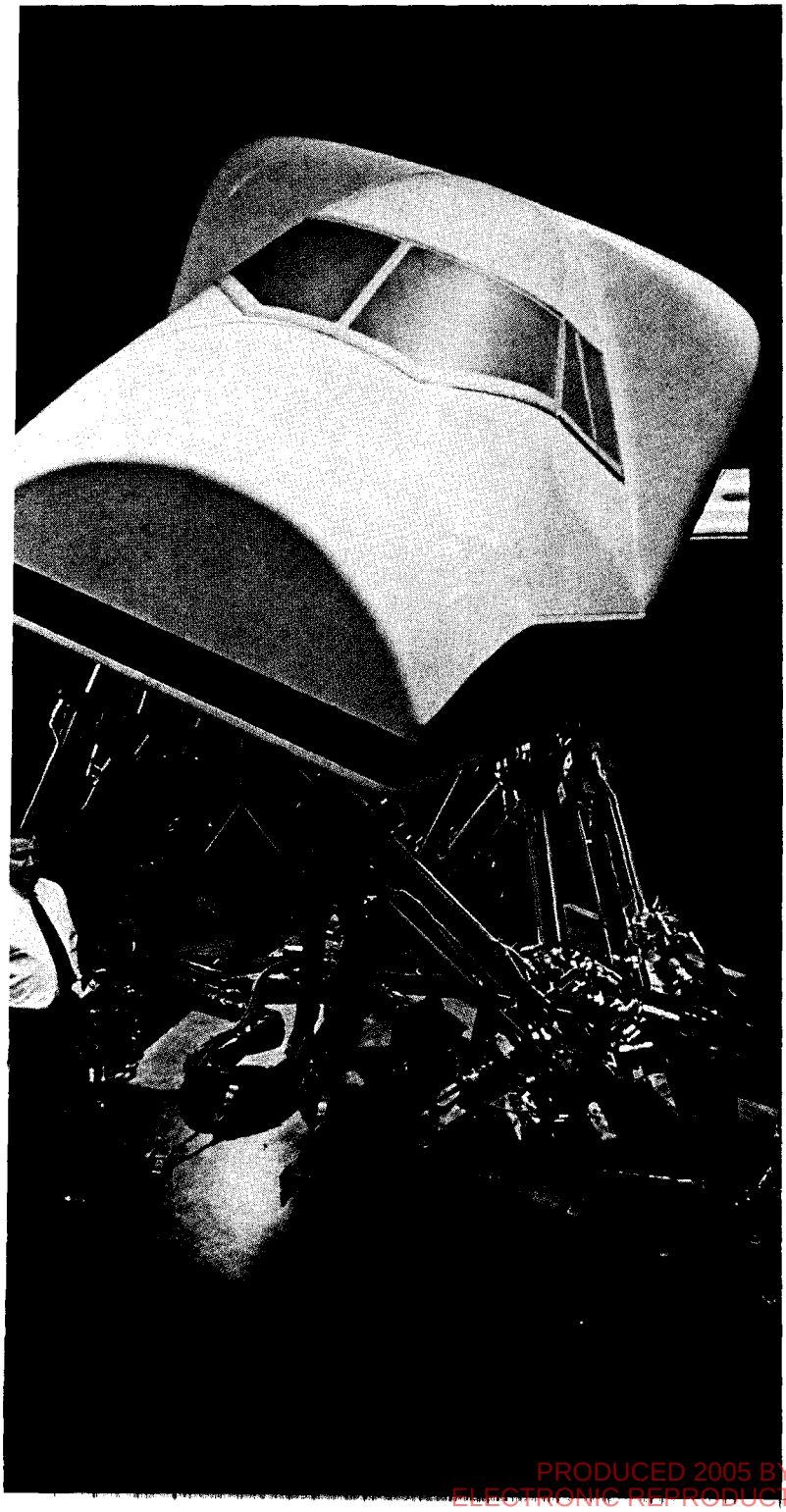

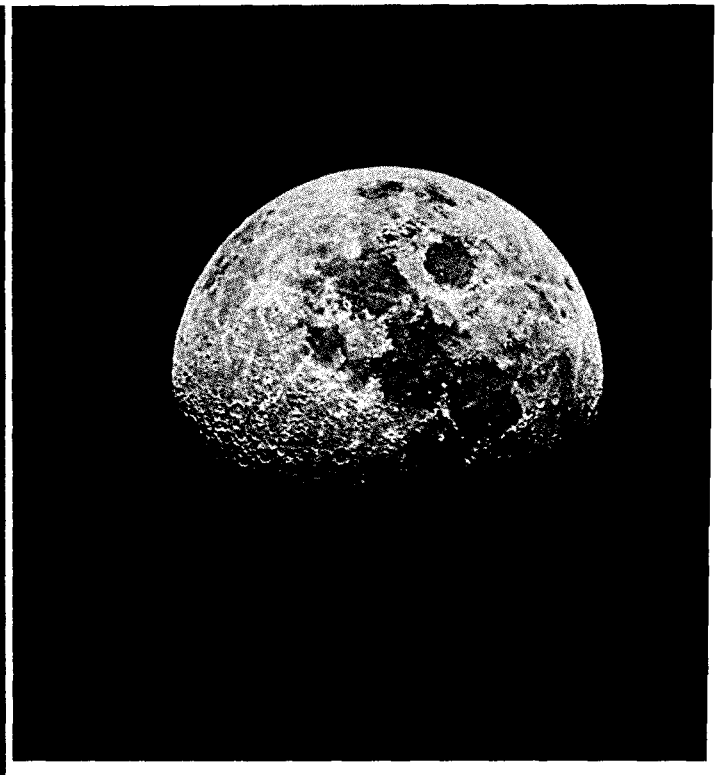

During the late 1920's and early '30's Pan Am developed and perfected instrument flying, made over-ocean radio workable, and originated aviation's first long range weather forecasting system. This gave the airplane its ability to roam the world. And since space appears to be man's next destination we're developing the technology for that too. Nearly 4,000 Pan Am people are now devoting their full energies to the space program at Cape Kennedy and the Eastern Test Range. We've been involved in the Mercury and Gemini manned space programs and all the Apollo moon missions. And to date, some 88,000 people have requested space on our own first moon flight. Even though it's still a ways off. Of course, you may never look forward to going to the moon yourself. But on the other hand you may look forward to traveling here on earth with an airline that *does* know how to go to the moon.

PanAm

The world's most experienced airline.

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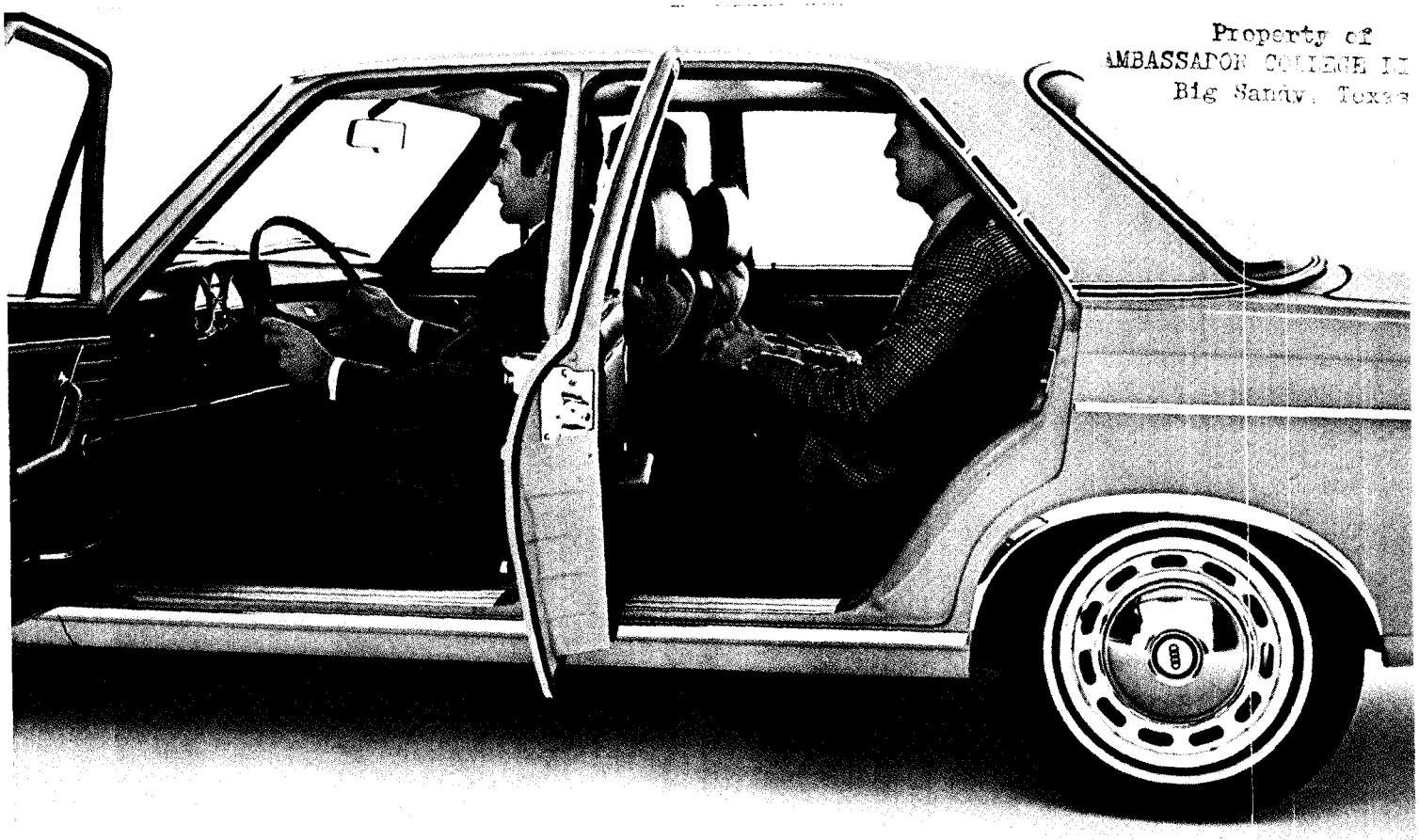
Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE
Big Sandy, Texas



You get just about the same headroom and legroom in a $3,600 Audi as you do in a $23,800 Rolls-Royce.

The Audi isn't a very big car. On the outside.

But don't let that fool you about the size of the car on the inside.

You'll find there's more headroom than you'd ever expect. Enough for, say, a person 6'6". And if he's got unusually long legs (which a person of his size usually has) he won't have to sit clutching his knees. Because there's more legroom than you'd ever expect.

Mind you, he's not the only one who would sit comfortably. The Audi can seat a family of five rather nicely.

Now the $23,800† Rolls-Royce isn't the only great car the Audi has a lot in common with.

The Audi has rack-and-pinion steering just like the Ferrari 512 racing car. And front-wheel drive just like the Cadillac Eldorado.

The Audi has the same type of brakes as the Porsche 917 racing car. And the same amount of trunk space as the Lincoln Continental.

Our interior looks so much like that of the Mercedes-Benz 280SE, you can hardly tell them apart.

And as for service, you'll get the same kind of expert service a Volkswagen gets. Because a Porsche Audi dealer is part of the VW organization.

Impressed? You should be. After all, the Audi bears a startling similarity to some of the world's finest automobiles.

But what makes the Audi especially impressive is its price tag.

It's a lot less than you'd expect to pay for that many great cars.

The $3,600* Audi®

Porsche Audi: a division of Volkswagen

For your nearest Porsche Audi dealer call 800-553-9550, free in the continental U.S. (In Iowa call collect 319-242-1867.)
*Suggested retail price East Coast P.O.E. $3595 (West Coast P.O.E. slightly higher). Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional. †Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional.

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